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April 17, 1937

The Literary Digest

FOR APRIL 17, 1937

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Mail

Ye Arte of Fyssyngge

By CHAS. VOGT 2d—

In your issue of March 3, you sought the origin of a short verse. I think I have it for you; it comes from a pleasant little poem written in seventeenth century idiom and reads as follows:

Lorde, on a somere's Daye
Wythe an Hooke and Angell
On grassie Swarde I laye
And inn plashyngee Waters dangell.

Lorde, sufferr me too catch a Fysshe
So large that even I
When talkyngge of it afterrwardes
Mayye have no neede to lye.

Jersey City, New Jersey.

We thanke Mr. Vogt for his kyndde assistance inn helpyngge us to locate this versse. —*Editor.*

The Magazine

By the REV. H. L. BELLIVEAU—

Your magazine has improved 100 per cent. in the last year. Facts we can find in books of statistics, but you are certainly putting life and soul into these facts, which is something else again. News we can find in our daily newspapers, but the beauty of your magazine is that you tell us what is behind, between and around the news.

You have found a new and wonderful idea; stick to it, and your friends will become legion. Nouveau, Brunswick, Canada.

By HELEN HENNIG—

I can not forego the pleasure of telling you of my delight in the improvement of THE DIGEST. It is now one of the most readable

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magazines on the market; nor has it lost a whit of its accuracy.
Columbia, South Carolina.

By JULIUS NELSON—
I am a regular subscriber . . . therefore can not help having noticed your improved presentation of material in recent months.
Grand Marais, Minnesota.

By JOE EARNEST—
During the past eight months you certainly have been "going to town!"
Colorado, Texas.

By R. NELSON BRIGGS—
You have my admiration for your new attractive covers. The full-face lettering in white gives a more striking effect and provides better balance to the cover scheme.
Toronto, Canada.

By G. MAUGHS—
A marked improvement seems to have set in about the time THE DIGEST went sour on the Presidential poll. Evidently, you are able to profit by a mistake. Dallas, Texas.

By JOHN DILCT—
Whatever pills you took for your ailment of last fall certainly worked; I have dropped all thought of switching to one of the other weekly news-magazines.
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

By ILMAR KAUPPINEN—
Stick to your present editorial policies and I'll subscribe for the rest of my days.
Superior, Wisconsin.

By MRS. J. F. MACDONALD—
Your new magazine is a honey! I'd never recognize it for what it was twelve years ago, tho it may have done well enough in those non-competitive days. Chicago, Illinois.

By J. H. NIENDORFF—
You have hit a stride, I think, which will get you somewhere. Dallas, Texas.

By ADOLPH SHAKMAN—
I am an old, and yet new, subscriber. Having started reading THE DIGEST away back, I dropped it for a while and have received, just recently, five issues of your revamped, reconstructed, and revived magazine.
I am more than pleased with its rich intellectual and arresting contents. I feel as if an old acquaintance had come back from the hospital, looking healthier and happier than ever before. Los Angeles, California.

By H. D. BRODER—
Your article, "The New Deal Versus the Old Courts," surpasses all other articles on this topic I've read in other sources. Your methods in stating both sides of the President's judiciary proposals are wholly commendable. A tremendous amount of work must have been required to collect this material, and I thoroughly enjoyed reading it.
Oswego, New York.

By CARL W. MASON—
If this definition of education is correct: To know everything about something and something about everything, then reading THE LITERARY DIGEST may well be said to furnish a liberal education. It covers more worth-while subjects and with more satisfying and useful completeness than any other publication I know of. It is the busy man's godsend.
As a newspaper man, I appreciate the completeness of each article, the timeliness, the inspiring connection, the vivid side-lights, the needed information in intelligible form, and the background and history so often lacking in other writings.
I feel I am taking a progressive post-graduate course in reading THE DIGEST.
New London, Wisconsin.

By LOUIS F. BLACKMAN—
Your most recent issue (March 27) compels me to waive my usual inertia to tell you what a reader of the three larger news weeklies thinks of your latest effort.
Effort, of itself, is admirable enough. But when your effort is combined with intelligence and good taste, it results in the almost breath-taking cover of the girl with a bowling ball. Certainly there can be no doubt that, of the covers with which a reader is confronted when he faces a newsstand, yours is the most outstanding. That photograph is one of the largest advances made in magazine covers which I have seen recently.
This letter began to be only about the cover. May I add that the complete format of the magazine—the type, the lay-out, the well chosen photographs—are attracting a large group of young readers?
A far cry from the dentist's office where we used to see THE DIGEST of yesteryear!
New York City.

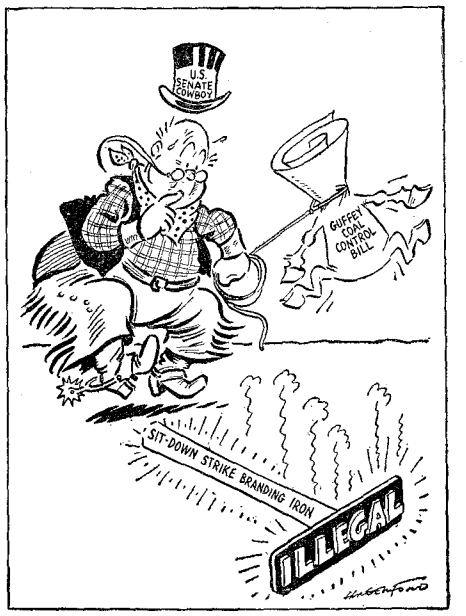
Naive Neckers *and Critics*

By EARL C. COPE, Superintendent, Jesup Consolidated High School—
I have always had a high regard for THE LITERARY DIGEST and the manner in which it portrays current-day affairs. We have found the magazine helpful, especially in connection with our social science courses.
However, I strenuously object to such articles as "Naive Neckers," which appeared in the March 20 issue. I cannot see the justification for including this type of article in a magazine which is to be placed before young people all over the country.
I hope that you will consider seriously the influence you are casting on the youth of America before including any more such articles in your magazine.
Jesup, Iowa.

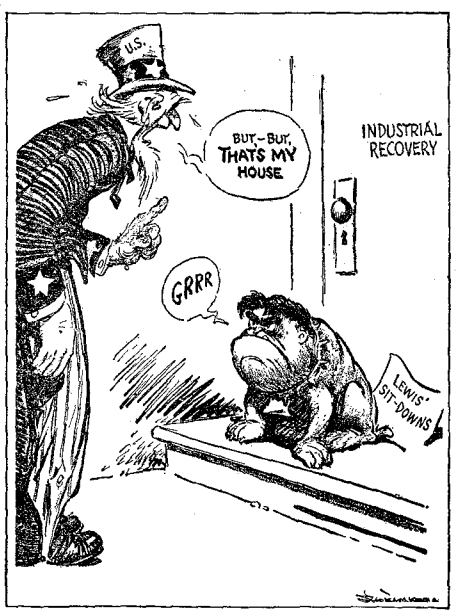
By EDWARD RANDOLPH HOPKINS—
The disgusting details published in response to the questionnaire of the *Stanford University Daily* are better suited to *The Police Gazette* than to the columns of THE LITERARY DIGEST. . . . I condemn the publication of such inquiries as unfit for decent people, especially the young people.
When coeducation was introduced into our schools some years ago, I was opposed to it, believing that "familiarity breeds contempt." It is breeding contempt and also undesirable offspring. The views of some Stanford students lead one to believe that courtesans and cuckolds are among their number. In this land of boasted Christianity, Civilization and Culture, children should be guaranteed the right to be born legitimate. Women of purity and chastity uphold the World and Society.
Columbus, Mississippi.

By E. A. BRENNAN—
It surprized me to find you printing an article, "Naive Neckers," under the heading "Education." Surely such "education" will be of no benefit to our young people.
Williamstown, Missouri.

THE LITERARY DIGEST did not say it would. Making no editorial comment, THE DIGEST reports the news and trends of human relations in educational circles, which is part of its own contribution to education.—*Editor.*



"HOT IRON—COLD FEET!"
—Hungerford in Pittsburgh Post-Gazette



"THE OVERZEALOUS WATCHDOG"
—Shoemaker in Chicago Daily News

Amendment

By DONALD A. J. KENNARD—
With much interest I read your recent article entitled "Child Labor Amendment Fight Ebbs."
Quite recently, Doctor Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion conducted a test poll on this issue. The poll's result showed every one of the forty-eight States to be for the amendment. The New York State Assembly apparently turned a deaf ear on these vital statistics.
However, twenty-eight States have approved this amendment; only eight more are necessary for enactment. I am confident that this just measure will win.
Pasadena, California.

There are thirteen States which have neither ratified nor rejected the proposal. Of these thirteen, eight must ratify in order to pass the amendment. Miss Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Children's Bureau, says: "While it is possible, I don't think that eight more States can be induced to act this year."—*Editor.*

Income Tax

By JOHN BURKHARDT—
Thanks for the very readable yarn on the President's struggle with his income tax return. Most of us think of him merely as the lucky fellow who makes $75,000 a year, goes to the movies free of charge, and receives handsome presents from all over the country.
It hasn't been pointed out before that he has budget problems—personal, as well as national. One question occurs to me: Does he ever carry loose change in his pocket?
Dayton, Ohio.

He must carry dimes, he has to buy THE DIGEST every week.—*Editor.*

Homework

By DAVID BRUNELL—
I have read the letter by a Chicago high school teacher which appeared in the "Mail" of March 13. If what she says is true, I am inclined to agree with her.
As a student, I know it is impossible to do home work in study halls—especially when the halls aren't built or equipped to accommodate the number of students who must do their work there.
I believe that if the student must do home work, then the best thing to do is to let him do it at home. This I have found the best way, for I, too, have tried doing home work at school. New York City.

By ROBERT KILBRIDE—
I cannot see where you got your material for the article entitled "Home Work Ho." I attend the Carl Schurz High School in Chicago and have seen no "supervised study" as yet. The only change I can see in the course of studies is that mathematics is not required.
I am in 2A semester and see no change in the way my classes have been conducted this semester as compared with the others. I have heard a lot of talk about this new system but have seen nothing of it in actual practise up to now. It doesn't look as tho I ever will while I am attending school.
Chicago, Illinois.

We recall the most satisfactory solution of that home work business as: "No assignment for to-morrow. Class dismissed."—*Editor.*

"AH—YOU LUCKY, LUCKY GIRL!"
—Herblock in Winston-Salem Journal

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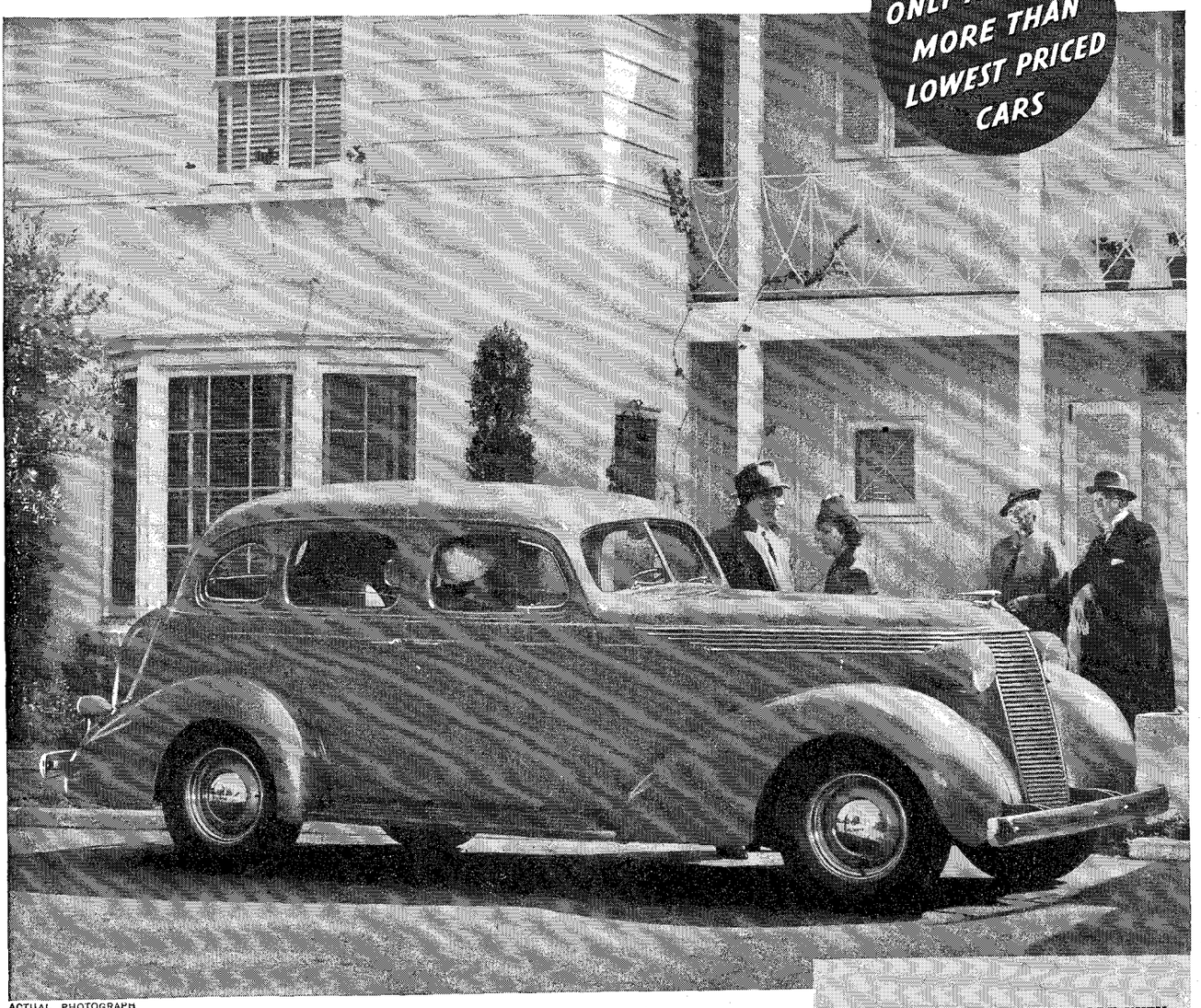

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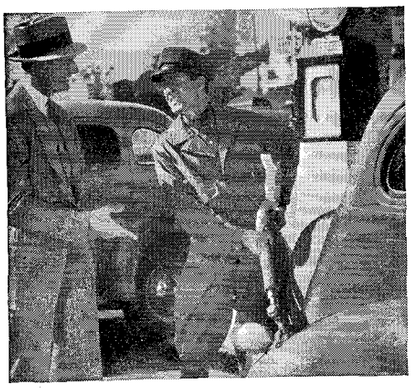

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK APRIL 17, 1937

Topics of the day

BUDGET BALANCING PERTURBS CAPITAL

Will Taxes Be Raised or Relief Cut?—That Is the Question

That skeleton, the budget, began rattling in the closets of Congress last week.

To balance or not to balance was more than a question; it had been fanned into disturbing reality by wails from the Treasury for more money by July 1. How to get more money disturbed Senators and Representatives alike. Cut relief quotas, or increase taxes?

Facts and figures continued to pour out from both the spenders and the savers as Congress awaited a "relief" message from the President. But the facts and figures were confusing and contradictory.

From the Treasury come dire forebodings about a revenue shortage of $300,000,000 to $500,000,000 in the anticipated returns for the fiscal year of $5,828,000,800. Initial quarterly income tax reports showed a possible shortage of $150,000,000 to $200,000,000. Social security, inheritance and gift taxes also lagged.

Public Debt High—Meanwhile, if Congress passes the proposed railroad pension legislation, that will eat up another $100,000,000 of the Treasury's funds.

The public debt at the moment is estimated at $34,500,000,000. *Per capita,* this means roughly $267.36. Compare this with the debt of 1914, first year of income tax collection, after passage of the Sixteenth Amendment. Then it was $1,188,235,000, or $12 *per capita.*

But the tax shortage is only one phase of the problem. The President, in his Budget Message, "hoped" there would be no occasion for increased taxes. Economy and budget balancing were to be the procedure. At that time he proposed to ask Congress for not more than $1,500,000,000 for relief. Leaders thought they could chisel this down to $1,200,000,000.

Then along came a flock of Mayors and Governors to the White House and pleaded for $2,200,000,000. They insisted their States and cities could stand no further relief brunt. Senators from these States are being hard pressed to up the relief "kitty" by at least a billion.

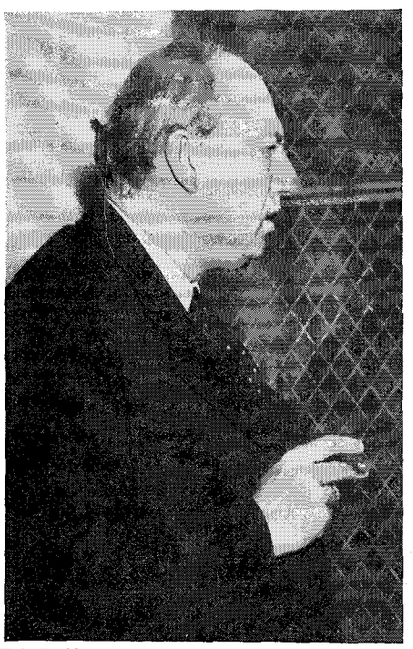
Members of the House Appropriations Committee hope spending for the current fiscal session will be held at the $8,430,804,498 mark.

Leaders Worried—Leaders are worried on how this year's deficit can be made up next year if certain proposed expenditures are authorized. Next year's budget makes no mention, has no provision for $135,000,000 for farm tenancy, $100,000,000 for State educational aid, $50,000,000 for low cost housing aid.

These sums alone would equal this year's anticipated deficit, leaving any increase in relief sums to boost the national debt a few more billions.

But that isn't all. One hundred House members, headed by Representative Maverick of Texas, are demanding a $2,400,000,000 Public Works program for next year. This move followed the President's request that further aid to PWA projects be curtailed, so that Federal aid would be withdrawn from the heavy industries, applied to consumers' goods.

Under such a plan, government buying of cement, steel, copper and the like would be held to a minimum. The Federal money would then be transferred to more wages for lower-bracket workers. The theory is that the armaments race has driven durable goods out of balance with consumers' goods, left wages lagging.



Wide World

Possible tax increase irks Pat Harrison

The latest Roosevelt pronouncement came from the White House after Marriner S. Eccles, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, warned of overspending and the subsequent fear of a boom, inflation and then —a crash. Commentators at first quite understandably interpreted his statement as a plea for higher taxes; Eccles denied this the following day.

WPA Demand—Another large-sum consideration before the House is the Boileau Bill calling for $3,000,000,000 for the WPA during the coming year, and for a $1,000,000,000 Federal contribution to State relief.

Where the money is to come from, or how, has 5,000,000 income taxpayers guessing. And these persons have an aggregate income of $16,000,000,000.

There were 48,832,589 gainfully employed persons in the United States, according to the census of 1930. How this has changed, not even the Labor Department seems to know. How many unemployed there are is disputed in various sets of figures: National Industrial Conference Board figures for January, 1937, are 8,403,000; American Federation of Labor, January, 1937, 10,041,000.

There are 11,000,000 persons on direct relief, financed by State funds. And there are 4,531,000 on the Federal government pay-roll, including Civil Departments, Judicial and Legislative, Military, PWA, Public Works financed by RFC, WPA, National Youth Administration, Student Aid and CCC.

None of these pays income taxes, nor do 4,891,000 employees of the States, counties and municipalities drawing more than $3,000,000,000 a year. There are also about 1,500,000 Federal employees exempt from State taxes.

Collectors—According to a staff of Twentieth Century Fund tax specialists, there are 175,000 counties, cities, school districts and other local units—in addition to the State and Federal Governments—levying and collecting taxes. Every man, woman and child in the country is paying an average of $100 a year: $44 to the Federal Government, $36 to local Governments, and $20 to State Governments.

Sen. Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin told the Special Taxation Committee of the American Bar Association that Federal taxation must be raised. He advocated a "broadening of the income tax base" by reducing personal exemptions of single persons from $1,000 to $800 and married persons from $2,500 to $2,000. In addition, he proposed surtaxes ranging from 4 per cent. on taxable net income in excess of $3,000 to 75 per cent. on incomes in excess of $5,000,000.

Taxation Foes—Opposition to any increase was expressed by Senator Harrison, Representative Doughton, Senate Majority Leader Robinson and House Majority Leader Rayburn. They led a bloc to advise the President against any proposed tax increase legislation.

Still other Government leaders propose the cutting of relief. And John C. Gebhart, Director of the National Economy League, stated "it may throw our whole economic system out of adjustment" if Government costs and taxation were not checked.

On the question of relief, the New York *Daily News* last week summed up the national anxiety:

"Nationally, relief works in the dark. The reason for that is that, with unemployment apparently fated to be with us for years or generations, we have not yet any means of knowing how many people are out of work at any given time, or why, or where. We can't come within yelling distance of a good guess.

"What we need is a regular Monday

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morning barometer of unemployment, just as we have weekly business barometers. . . . Until we get such a regular, continuous unemployment census operating all over the country, there doesn't seem to be much hope of curing the relief headache."

Relief Semipermanent — Various States are beginning to realize that the relief problem must be regarded at least as semipermanent, that local, city and county Governments can not carry the load, and that permanent State-wide set-ups —backed by reliable sources of revenue— must be maintained. States, therefore, are trying to get the Federal Government to extend WPA for their "employables" and get funds from Washington for the "unemployables."

Seven States—Arkansas, Georgia, Idaho, New Mexico, South Dakota, Tennessee and Wyoming—have enacted laws centralizing relief and public welfare responsibilities in one agency, with rather broad supervisory powers. Similar bills are pending in ten other States.

Pennsylvania has recognized that the problem is permanent, and has set up a legislative commission to seek a permanent solution.

The same state has passed two bills appropriating $10,000,000 for continuation of emergency relief; Ohio has reenacted its emergency relief law, authorizing special bonds by counties and cities to pay their share. The New Jersey Legislature approved a $12,000,000 appropriation for relief, of which nearly $8,000,000 comes from a diversion of State highway funds.

Taxes for Relief—Sales and nuisance taxes will largely be called upon by the individual States to solve the relief problem.

All sorts of special taxes on real estate, newspaper advertising, fuels, theaters, motion-picture films, and other articles and commodities—plus a host of new fees and licenses for special services—are in the legislative hoppers.

Many legislatures this year have attempted the temporary expedient of dividing the relief load between State, county and city Governments, authorizing many types of bond issues and tax levies.

Gasoline Levy—Gasoline tax diversion has become a large source of relief money. At least $167,000,000 of the more than $600,000,000 collected by the States in 1935 was diverted. Of this sum, $15,500,000 was earmarked for relief. But this year, because of the Hayden-Cartright Act, no such large sum is likely to be allotted to relief. Under this measure, Federal highway funds are partly withdrawn from States practising diversion.

Just how much the President will have to say about relief appropriations in the end is a moot question. The army of relief workers has grown, unionized, girded for battle. When cuts in WPA were suggested after the election, the collective howl could be heard from Coast to Coast.

MEMORIAL DISPUTE:

Words Fly as Famed Architect Plans Jefferson Monument

"Atrocity. . . ."
"Premeditated act of vandalism. . . ."
"An act of landscape butchery. . . ."
"Wanton destruction. . . ."

Washington editorial writers aimed this spate of vilifying nouns and adjectives last week, not at a human being, but at an intrinsically harmless set of architect's blue-prints. The Capital was in a mood to make fur fly over the $3,000,000 memorial to Thomas Jefferson which is supposed to rise in Potomac Park, opposite the White House, within four years.

Critics aimed their barbs first at John Russell Pope, the architect retained by the Jefferson Memorial Commission which Congress established three years ago; secondly at the classic design chosen by Pope; finally, and most fiercely, at the location selected for the memorial.

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Rotunda at U. of Va. designed by Jefferson . . .

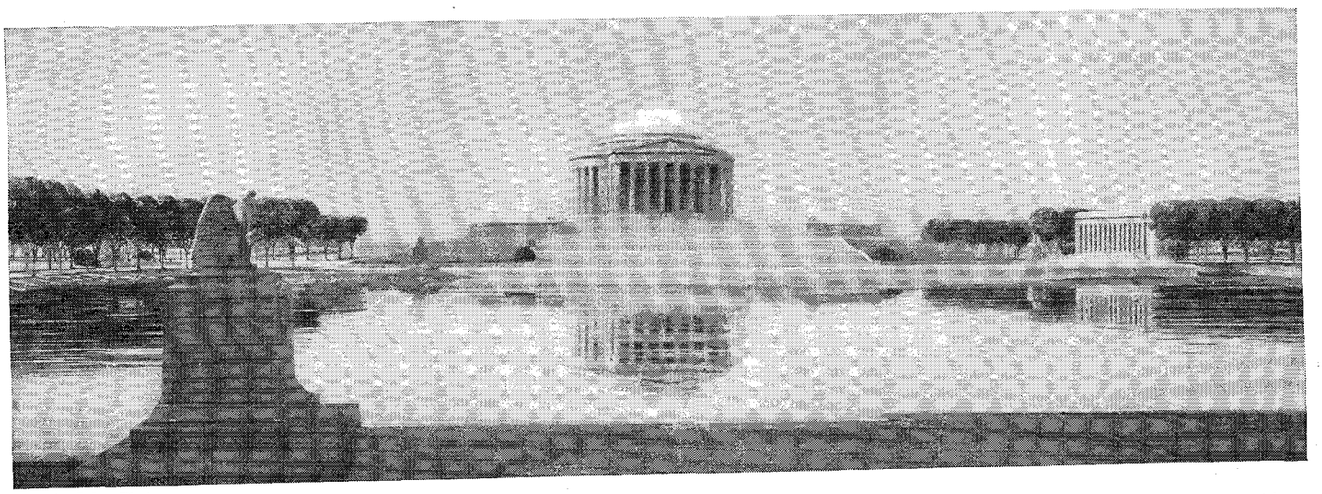
Architect Pope, tall, barrel-chested and sixty-two, is the designer of the National Archives Building, Constitution Hall and the Scottish Rite Temple in Washington, the Baltimore Museum of Fine Arts, the Battle Monument at Montfaucon, France. Unfriendly squibs in Washington papers, conceding his ability as evidenced in these works and admitting also that he has won since 1900 every important honor that can come to one architect during a lifetime, asserted nevertheless that the Memorial Commission had no right to choose its designer arbitrarily, without an open competition.

Through its Chairman, Rep. John J. Boylan, New York City Tammanyite, who for almost twenty years has been pleading for a memorial to the third President, the Commission replied that it had made an "exhaustive study" of likely candidates before giving the honor to Pope. It pointed further to the fact that Henry Bacon (1866-1924: Lincoln Memorial, Lincoln, Nebraska; Parnell Monument, Dublin, Ireland) had been chosen to design the Lincoln Memorial in exactly the same manner.

Pattern Fought—An admirer of the rotunda of the University of Virginia, which Thomas Jefferson designed, Pope decided to follow this same broad pattern in his memorial. Hardly had President Roosevelt approved this idea, two months ago, when a vigorous drive was launched against it, spear-headed by Milton Horn of the Executive Board of the American Sculptors Society.

"Would the American people tolerate such irony—to clothe Jefferson's ideals in a Roman Pantheon?" shouted Mr. Horn. "One can readily see that the use of Roman forms to-day as an expression of twentieth century America . . . becomes outright falsehood which no straightforward truth-loving American who is fully aware of the Jeffersonian ideals and the progress of American architecture and thought would consider sponsoring."

Many another critic deplored the idea of marbleizing in imperial splendor the simplicity-loving, free-thinking Jefferson. To the theory that the proposed memorial was inappropriate to the man it commemorates, they added the complaint that Washington is already stuffed to the ears with ponderous classic edifices. They lifted a quotation from Jeffersoniana to carry this point: "I think a modern in an antique dress as just an object of ridicule



Peter A. Juley Photo

from which John Russell Pope derived his Pantheonic Jefferson Memorial that critics deem unsuited to the democratic legend of the former President

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Messed-up sit-downers put hands up at Hershey, Pa.

Pictures, Inc., photos

Strikers in Cleveland prepare for a "friendly" conference

as a Hercules or Marius with a periwig and *chapeau bras*."

The Washington *Daily News* ran articles and pictures arguing that the design Pope has in mind is familiar in all his works, completed or planned. It will be the main theme, the paper noted, of the National Gallery of Art, plans for which have been approved by Andrew W. Mellon.

If they wish, Pope's defenders can produce quotation to match quotation. Jefferson jumped at the chance offered him to design Virginia's State Capitol at Richmond, "thinking it a favorable opportunity of introducing into the State an example of architecture, in the classic style of antiquity. . . ."

But the architects who defend the Pope plans do not resort to quotations. They point out that the Jefferson Memorial will be one of the final steps in carrying out the design for the Capital as George Washington and Pierre Charles L'Enfant planned it in 1791. L'Enfant and Washington foresaw the city built around a great cruciform arrangement with the Capitol at one end of the long axis of the cross. Subsequently, designers placed the Lincoln Memorial at the other end, and the White House at one extremity of the short axis. The Jefferson Memorial will complete the cross, according to Pope's plans. His supporters argue that no other style of architecture than the one selected would harmonize either with this scheme or with the rest of classic Washington.

Dislikes Site—The Washington *Post* last week jabbed viciously at the proposed memorial from angle No. 3—the site selected by the Commission.

"The plan . . . calls for a stupendous uprooting of Potomac Park. . . . Very few Washingtonians have as yet any idea of what would be involved in this operation. It is doubtful whether more than a handful yet realize, for instance, that the scheme calls for demolition of the famous circle of cherry-trees around the Tidal Basin. . . .

"From the very nature of the approved design the destruction involved would be of long duration. It would take many months to drain the present Tidal Basin; . . . to relandscape the acres of land involved and to lay down the new driveways which would be necessary. For several years, at a conservative estimate, what is now a terrain world-famous for its beauty would become a replica of a Western mining-camp. . . .

"To achieve a banal and formal regularity, suitable to the Versailles of Louis XIV but totally alien to everything for which Jefferson stood, the name of the latter would be associated with an act of landscape butchery certain to bring enduring denunciation."

Recall Lincoln Fight—To veteran Washington reporters, the hubbub over the Jefferson Memorial bears a strong resemblance to the squabble that arose twenty-five years ago over the site and design of the Lincoln Memorial. Just as a faction to-day would like to see Jefferson commemorated more practically—in a great public auditorium, for example, in which inaugurations could be held during bad weather, so a quarter of a century ago one group wanted something more practical than a shrine for Lincoln; there was agitation on behalf of a fine highway, following roughly the route the Great Emancipator took when he traveled from Washington to Gettysburg for his address.

Anent the opposition to the Jefferson temple, Representative Boylan stated with finality last week: "You remember this: Franklin D. Roosevelt will dedicate that memorial while he is still President of the United States."

Labor's Language

Individual bargaining — Discussion between management and single employee.

Collective bargaining — Discussion between management and organized group.

Exclusive collective bargaining—Where one organized group is accepted by management as speaking for all workers in given craft, plant or department.

Preferential bargaining — Where management gives preferential status to single bargaining group.

Craft union—Union labor organized along lines of single craft or trade which cuts across industries.

Industrial union — Embraces all workers in and about a given industry, regardless of craft, trade or any other occupational demarcation.

Company union — Organization of employees of plant.

Employee representation plan—The name sometimes given by management to a type of company union.

Yellow-dog contract—Contract offered by management to individual workers pledging them not to join a labor-union.

Open shop—A plant or department which does not require labor-union membership as a condition of employment.

Closed shop—A plant or department which requires labor-union membership as a condition of employment.

Preferential shop—A plant or department in which the employer agrees to give preference to a labor-union's members in hiring new employees.

$10 A DAY VS. C.I.O.: Ford Threat Puts Stone in Path of Union Juggernaut

Henry Ford acted up last week. He nonplused labor leaders, threw the Department of Labor into a dither, put capital-labor fixers into an uncomfortable fix.

At his winter home near Ways, Georgia, Ford defied unions, defied the Committee for Industrial Organization, defied John L. Lewis. Most people were astounded. Doesn't one *kotow* to John L. Lewis because the Administration is behind him? Didn't General Motors and Chrysler fall into line?

A few months ago, the ruggedly individualistic motor-car manufacturer announced his dislike for labor-unions. But with the events happening in the interim, most persons believed he would change. The C.I.O. and John L. Lewis were marching on. It was Henry Ford's turn to step into line.

But Henry Ford did not.

Adamant—Once before—when Hugh Johnson approached him about the NRA—he said he'd rather close his factories than give in to theories of which he did not approve. Abruptly—even more abruptly than the abrupt General Johnson expected—Henry Ford announced that his business was in the hands of his wife, his son and himself—there were no stockholders!

Blow—Following phone calls with his son Edsel at Dearborn, the seventy-four-year-old irreconcilable last week struck the most significant blow at sit-down strikes and the industrial union theory of the Committee for Industrial Organization.

From his statements the press gathered that, in addition to the present healthy

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wages he pays he would add another $4 daily for every Ford worker, provided the latter did not enter a union. This meant, said the newspapers, that he would pay his workers $10 daily.

What was labor to do? No worker—not even a C.I.O. member—is going to throw away a $4-a-day rise. The more Ford had talked, the more he had promised the very things the United Automobile Workers of America want. But there was a catch.

Hinting that the Ford Motor Company would soon "demonstrate wages, production and competition such as never seen before," Ford had reiterated his refusal to recognize any union.

No Bargaining—"There shouldn't be any bargaining or dealing necessary between employers and employees," he declared. "Our company pays the best wages it can, and always has. We keep a surplus on hand so as to be independent of financiers, but our surplus has not increased. We can pay more when we increase the quantity of our production.

"Labor-unions are backed by war-seeking financiers, and take away a man's independence."

Astute observers believe that Labor is up against something different in the Ford family. The Fords long have been independent of bankers and financiers, and were able once to lend the City of Detroit $2,000,000 at an interest rate one-half of one per cent. lower than the Wall Street price.

Unions Denounced—And Ford's opinion of labor-unions is pretty deep-seated. They are "the worst things that ever struck this earth. The financiers want to kill competition so as to reduce the income of workers, and eventually bring on war."

Ford himself, he says, has avoided industrial war. "We have been holding down production so as not to take advantage of strike-beset competitors," he declared.

Not in the least awed, labor leaders announced plans to unionize Ford plants. But the automobile magnate would not end his winter vacation because of any such outbursts.

"I have no fear of them," he said, "because they are wrong. . . . The worker ought to ask himself: 'What have I got out of the union in return for what I've lost?' . . . The main thing to consider, after all, is freedom. That's the foundation of America. The men in our plants are free, and they are better off for it. There are thousands of things that could be produced cheaply to-day for the comfort and convenience of the common man, except for control manifested by finance and organizations of one sort or another.

"When these organizations are removed and industry is liberated, everything will improve. We will see a real prosperity."

Martin Retorts—From Detroit, the workers struck back. Said Homer Martin, President of the United Automobile Workers of America:

"Mr. Ford is evidently, like other corporations, contemplating the rise of wages with an idea that he can stop the unionization of his workers by this method. This is an old strategy, but it will not work in this new day for labor. The workers of this country know that Mr. Ford has for years paid wages much lower than either General Motors or Chrysler."

John L. Lewis, in predicting that the C.I.O. in a month would have more members than the American Federation of Labor, added his scornful blast at Ford:

"He'll change his mind. Perhaps Mr. Ford is bigger than the Government. I don't know. That will be shown later.

"The Ford plant at River Rouge is an arsenal and always has been—but that won't prevent organization of its employees into the United Auto Workers."

Whereas the Senate was all for rebuking sit-down strikers, the House of Representatives would have none of it. Congress decided on non-intervention when the Chrysler strike was at an end and 60,000 workers prepared to return to work.

Irate Farmers — Possible history-making events occurred at Hershey, Pennsylvania, where farmers drove sit-down strikers from the famous chocolate factory. The farmers were not testing the legality of the sit-down theory. They merely resented losing a $10,000-a-day milk business on which they and their families were wholly dependent.

Watching settlement of the initial sit-down fracas, Milton Snavely Hershey, seventy-nine, Chairman of the Board of Directors and philanthropist, wept. This was something he had not counted on when he built the ideal city, replete with golf-links, recreation establishments, a model hotel and well-planned streets and approaches.

Dream Shattered—A large, kindly-spoken man, he winced at seeing farmers interrupt the life of his dream city. The Hershey Chocolate Corporation is a $20,000,000 corporation netting $5,000,000 yearly; $30,000,000 in dividends have been paid out since 1929. And there was $6,000,000 in earned surplus retained in the Corporation.

Observers of the general strike troubles wondered whether or not John L. Lewis' C.I.O. would finally get its "sole collective bargaining" rights with the 2,600 workers of the Hershey plant. This remained a point still to be gained. In the General Motors strike, it had never been realized; nor in steel; nor in the Chrysler affair.

Then came the business in Canada. Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor General (John Buchan to fiction lovers), had just returned to Canada from Washington, where he had been assured of all best wishes.

Yet there were 500,000 General Motors and other workers in the Dominion whom the C.I.O. wished to unionize. Principal scene of the initial dispute was Oshawa, Ontario. Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn, Liberal, predicted an early show-down. He denounced John L. Lewis and "his C.I.O. agitators" as trying to dictate to Canadian industry.

"We will not tolerate sit-downs in Canada," he stormed—as Washington wondered uneasily whether Hepburn's philosophy would have the effect of the Hoover tariff: drive American business across the border.

CONGRESS FIDGETS:

Court Issue Smolders, Then Flares with a "Sinister Aspect"

By last week, the nation's press had agreed almost unanimously that it was time to take the Great Issue of Court-enlargement off the front page and bury it inside. It was only too evident that, until the Senate Judiciary Committee concluded its hearings and made a final report on the President's program, the newspaper-reading public would remain aloof from a topic that has been thoroughly talked out.

Many a Congressman would have given his legislative eye-teeth for an equally simple method of disposing of this vexatious question. Dispatches from Washington revealed that members were restless, anxious to bring the judicial reorganization bill out into the open where they could vote on it and put it out of the way for

NINE PRESIDENTS ON THE SUPREME COURT

Thomas Jefferson (1820): "It is a very dangerous doctrine to consider the Judges as the ultimate arbiters of all Constitutional questions. It is one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy."

James Madison (1833): "The jurisdiction claimed for the Federal Judiciary is truly the only defensive armor . . . for the Constitution and laws of the United States. Strip it of that armor, and the door is wide open for nullification, anarchy and convulsion."

Andrew Jackson (1832): "The authority of the Supreme Court must not . . . be permitted to control the Congress, or the Executive, when acting in their legislative capacities."

Abraham Lincoln (1861): "If the policy of the Government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court . . . made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal acts, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having . . . practically resigned their Government into the hands of that eminent tribunal."

Andrew Johnson (1868): "The Supreme Court of the United States has been viewed by the people as the true expounder of their Constitution. . . . Any act which may be construed into . . . an attempt to prevent or evade its decisions on a question which affects the liberty of its citizens . . . can not fail to be attended with unpropitious consequences."

Grover Cleveland (1890): "The attachment and allegiance of the founders to the sovereignty of their States . . . did not prevent them from contributing a fraction of that sovereignty to the creation of a court which should . . . in all time to come, bless an independent people."

Theodore Roosevelt (1912): "Experience . . . has shown that the people may be aroused . . . and their legislative and executive officers may show the intention of carrying out the people's purpose, and yet that the whole movement for good may come to naught, and festering wrong and injustice be perpetuated, because certain judges, certain courts, are steeped in some outworn political or social philosophy, and totally misapprehend their relations . . . to the public needs."

William Howard Taft (1895): "It will not be surprizing if the storm of abuse heaped upon the Federal courts and the political strength of popular groups whose plans of social reform have met obstruction in those tribunals, shall lead to serious effort through legislation to cut down their jurisdiction and cripple their efficiency."

Woodrow Wilson (1908): "It is within the undoubted Constitutional power of Congress to overwhelm the opposition of the Supreme Court on any question by increasing the number of justices and refusing to confirm any appointments to the new places which do not promise to change the opinion of the court. But . . . public opinion . . . makes such outrages upon Constitutional morality impossible by standing ready to curse them."

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all time—regardless of future pain that might result.

It was in this spirit that the House pounced last week upon a fragment of the President's original recommendations, and, after a bare two hours' debate, jammed it through on a standing vote. The measure embodied the President's suggestion—corollary to his major contention regarding the need for more and younger Justices—that the Government be empowered to make quick appeals to the Supreme Court in suits involving the constitutionality of Federal laws.

This overt move substantiated to a certain degree rumors of Congressional restlessness and smoldering resentment that emanated last week from the Washington offices of the "inside" dopesters who keep thousands of American business men posted on the political situation. The tip-sheets whispered that Representatives and Senators were becoming increasingly hot-tempered about the Great Issue, that bitter personal rows over the subject would soon bubble to the surface and flare into black head-lines, that the Democratic Party was already split and had only an even chance of reuniting, even if the President accepted a compromise judiciary program.

Question Attack—Such rumblings may have reached the ears of Washington observers but by no means did they foreshadow the end of the Judiciary Committee's hearings.

Congressional nerves may have been getting more ragged by the hour, but witnesses continued to file into the Senate Office Building to submit to a barrage of questions from Chairman Ashurst and his colleagues.

Last week's prize anti-Administration testimony came from Historian James Truslow Adams, who appeared with his arm in a sling to warn of a "sinister aspect" that would surround future political campaigns should Presidents be empowered to alter the High Court at will.

"We have accepted the results of elections in the past with equanimity because we have relied on the Constitution to guarantee us our fundamental rights . . ." he said.

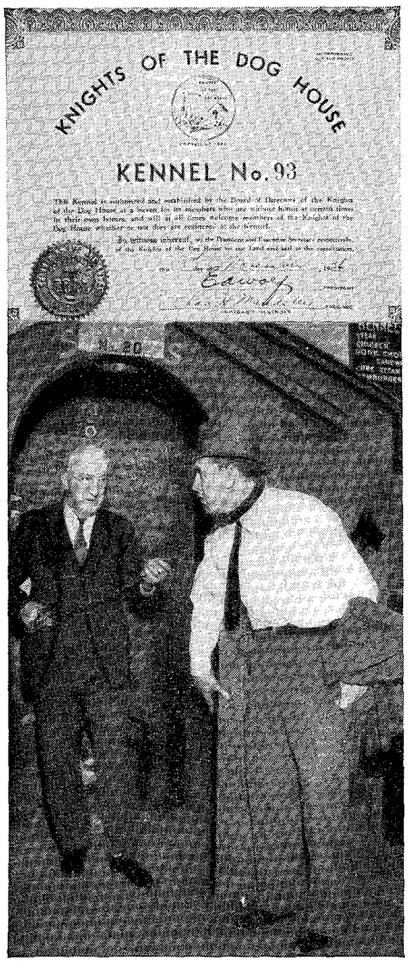
"But if the winning party can not only carry out its political policies but alter the Constitution at will by packing the Court, then political campaigns may become matters of life and death."

IN THE DOG-HOUSE:
Popular Device for Fleeing Husbands Grows in Nation

"Divide and rule" was the conquering maxim of Imperial Rome, and if founders of the numerous "Dog-House" organizations in the United States are careful, they are likely to find it works as well on wives.

"Dog-houses" are specifically intended as refuges for harassed and henpecked husbands. Altho a comparatively recent device for fleeing from the furious female of the species, "dog-houses" are multiplying with a rapidity in itself a tribute to their popularity—possibly the need for them.

There is, for example, the Royal Order of the Dog-House with executive offices in Oshkosh, Wisconsin's, Hotel Raulf. Edward A. Boycks, thirty-five-year-old Manager of the Raulf, is the organizer.



Wide World

Wm. Lang, a "dog-house" freshman, is initiated into ranks of fellow henpecked husbands

Original Kennel—Then, down in well-terrapined Baltimore, is the original kennel of Dog-House, Incorporated.

"No longer," says Alonzo W. Johnson, business man, founder, "need men, consigned to a figurative dog-house by their wives, sulk in pool-rooms and neighborhood saloons. They can now come to the Kennel and find companionship among fellow sufferers."

And out in Chicago, the Knights of the Dog House, Incorporated (but not for profit), bay at the moon when the Little Woman has locked them out.

National Organizer J. E. Clark, whose headquarters are at 117 West Harrison Street, Chicago, claims more than 5,000 members in that city, about the same number outside, with branch kennels in distant Calcutta, smoky London, lei-hanging Honolulu and several chilly Canadian cities.

President is E. A. Wolfe, Chicago advertising man; Vice-President, H. C. Springston, Chicago taverneer. Latest reports indicate a national convention is talked of, not decided. The Knights were incorporated and copyrighted in October, 1935.

President Boycks of the Royal Order of the Dog-House (married 1921—Edward, Jr., thirteen; Marilyn, twelve; Gerald, eleven) says it all started back in the dark days of '33 among a handful of friends. Organization came February 12, 1937, when 300 of the flea-bitten had been gathered. They picked Lincoln's birthday because he had freed the slaves, made him their patron saint.

Requirements—Membership requirements (wife or fiancée) are much the same in all three orders, as are the nominal dues. The Oshkosh Dog-Housers have 700 members, have started chapters in St. Louis; Santa Cruz, California; Columbus, Ohio; Minneapolis; St. Paul; Houghton, Michigan; Stanley, Wisconsin; Peoria, Illinois; Tarrytown, New York; Biloxi, Mississippi, and Mobile, Alabama.

Mrs. Mary Towers of Milwaukee, wife of a Royal Order Dog-Houser, is credited with planning to organize "The Supreme Society of Dog-House Putters In."

Whether there is likely to be a merger of "dog-house" organizations remains uncertain. Most of the members credit their wives, apparently, with a sense of humor—but even a sense of humor may wear thin in time.

Orders of Eccentricity

"Dog-House" orders are not the only humorous eccentricities of recent years. A partial list would include:

1. The Benevolent and Protective and Completely Universal Order of Fred Smiths.
2. Liars Club of Burlington, Wisconsin.
3. Bald-Headed Club of Racine, Wisconsin.
4. Broadcast Listeners of America, Hollywood.
5. Snake Collectors Club, California.
6. Society for the Prevention of Calling Sleeping-Car Porters George.
7. Ancient and Honorable Order of X-ies, Washington, D. C. (Lame Ducks.)
8. Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers.
9. Veterans of Future Wars.
10. Roosevelt-for-King Club.

NIAGARA CRACKPOTS:
Stunt Artists Meet an Ever-Tightening Curb by Officials

Not even the most ardent booster for prosperous and picturesque Niagara Falls, New York, would deny that nature has given that city the grandest fool-killer in the world.

True, death lies as surely at the foot of Victoria Falls on the Zambezi as on the mist-shrouded rocks of the Great Horseshoe. One can drown even more messily in the cataracts of the Upper Orinoco than in Niagara's more famous rapids.

But there's little publicity or pelf to be won taking such chances in darkest Africa or the jungles of Venezuela. Few will court death for the plaudits of monkeys.

So, once again, has arrived the season when Niagara Falls city officials are deluged with requests for permission to attempt this or that hair-raiser over the Falls or in the Rapids.

Permits Out—No such permits ever have been granted and none will be, say the city fathers.

However, until fifteen years ago, one could take chances if he liked, without specific municipal disapproval.

The recent ordinance has served to stop

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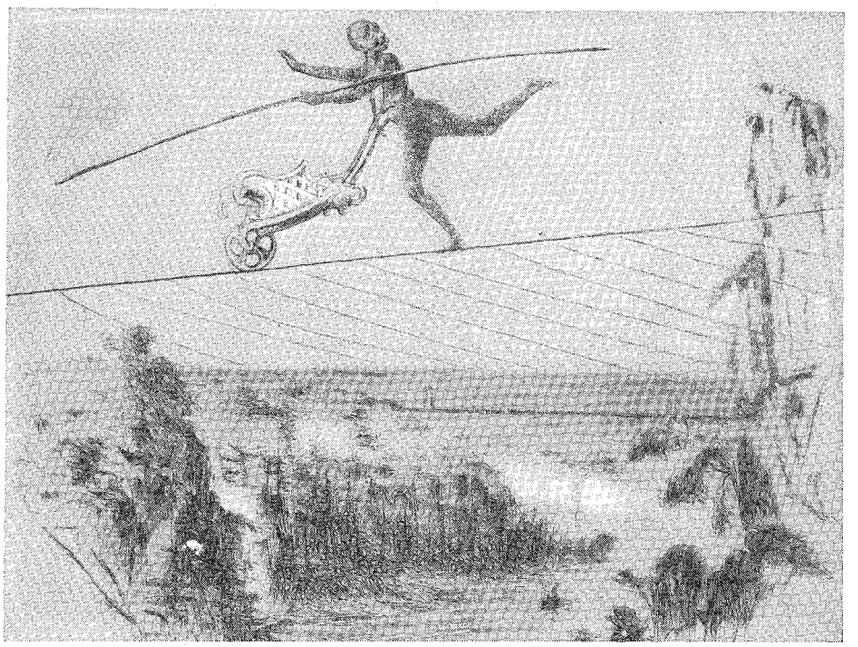

Brown Brothers

High above Niagara's torrents, Monsieur Blondin gained fame by his death-defying stunts in 1859

publicity stunts, but hasn't had much effect upon impromptu efforts. Obviously, if some crackpot tries to swim the Rapids, he can't be prevented by ordinary policing. Besides, a sort of legend has grown.

Ambitious wire-walkers, for example, can't forget that time and again in 1859 and '60 Jean Francois Gravelet gained world fame, under his professional name of Blondin, by skipping across the Falls on a rope stretched 160 feet above the leaping water.

Nor did Blondin skip unhonored and unsung. The papers of his native France, of England and the United States published columns on his exploits. Millard Fillmore, when President of the United States, watched Blondin's dizzying performance. So did the Prince of Wales (Edward VII). Who wouldn't take a chance for princely plaudits?

Record Dive—The first registered Niagara record belongs to Sam Patch, born in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who in 1829, dove 110 feet from a platform built on Goat Island. He lived to become something of a professional jumper, met his end years later trying to jump the upper falls of the Genesee River at Rochester, New York.

In 1861, a year after Blondin's feats, Joel R. Robinson, James H. Jones and one McIntyre piloted the original *Maid of the Mist* through the whirlpool rapids to Lake Ontario.

Bellini, another wire-walker, duplicated some of Blondin's feats in 1873, adding some new ones. In 1876, Maria Spelterini rope-walked the gorge to brief fame.

Most stunters until 1883—those who lived—had won their fame by rope-walking. But in that year came Capt. Matthew Webb, conqueror of the English Channel, to swim the Rapids. Even after he had seen their furious waves and roaring rush, his courage held firm. He made his try, was drowned.

In 1886, the great whirlpool was beaten by William J. Kendall, Boston policeman, mighty swimmer. In the same year, George Hazlitt and Sadie Allen navigated its treacherous eddies in a barrel. In 1887, C. Alexander Percy did the trick in a boat.

Over in a Barrel—In 1898, "Bobby" Leach went through the Rapids in a barrel and two years later, Capt. Peter Nissen of Chicago made the terrific passage in a boat, appropriately named the *Fool Killer*.

As Buffalo, New York, began celebrating its Pan-American Exposition in 1901, the dangers of the Falls were added attractions for visiting thousands. Many saw Carlisle D. Graham, Philadelphia cooper, navigate the rapids in a barrel of his own design, swim them with the aid of a life-belt. Martha Wagenfuhrer, Buffalo girl, borrowed Graham's barrel, made the Rapids trip twice before cheering throngs.

Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor tried the Horseshoe Falls in a barrel, made it, later died in the poorhouse. The next year, Maud Willard, actress, lost her life trying for national publicity. Her attempt to take a barrel through the Rapids ended in tragedy when a pet dog accompanying her blocked the barrel's air-hole with his nose.

Parachute Jump—Lincoln Beachey, wildest chance-taker of pioneer air-men, piloted one of the bird-cage planes of the day under the upper steel-arch bridge in 1911. Not to be outdone, the indefatigable Leach barreled over the Horseshoe, then parachuted from the Suspension Bridge into the river 200 feet below.

Recent attempts include Vincent Patrick Taylor's parachute jump from the Suspension Bridge ('27); Jean Albert Lussier's barrel drop over the Horseshoe; "Red" Hill's barrel trip from the Falls to Lewiston through the Rapids ('30). That year, George L. Stathakis, Greek "philosopher," tried out his own philosophy to the ultimate by trying the deadly Horseshoe in a barrel, died. Hill, taking the dead Greek's barrel, made the Rapids trip in it the next year, but was trapped in the Whirlpool. His son rescued him.

Leach lived through all his Niagara adventures, went to New Zealand, slipped on a banana-peel, died of the fall.

Topics in Brief

EXPRESSING hope that there will be no more taxes is a pleasant way of preparing the patient for the operation.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

ONE HEARS little about the Black Legion any more. The day seems to be past when night hoods were in flower.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

IT IS NOT enough that *Il Duce* has carved a place for himself in the histories. Now he's breaking into the diaries.—*Portland Oregonian.*

WHAT SOME folks seem to fear is that the Constitution will be buried at Fort Knox, Kentucky, along with all that gold.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

THERE IS still much to be done in Spain before the work of building a statue to General Franco can get under way.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

NOTHING FURTHER is being said about the plan to broadcast debates in the House and Senate. Couldn't Congress interest a sponsor?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WHAT LEADER LEWIS thinks about Leader Green he seems unable to say with flowers, but a stalk or two of cactus might convey his sentiments.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE UNITED STATES has agreed to keep the diplomatic secrets of foreign nations. Previously it has been a case of in one hemisphere and out of the other.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

MANUEL QUEZON, in Washington in behalf of Philippine freedom, speaks the language like a native. "Not to-morrow, or next week," he says, "but NOW."—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

OFFERED as a candidate for the prize for detachment is the man who, in the world as it is, is able to worry about the possibility that all the poisonous snakes in the country's zoos might escape.—*New York Sun.*

ALONG WITH the restaurant racketeers he sent to prison, Dewey of New York is including a couple of lawyers—much to their surprize, as they expected the usual professional courtesies.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

JUST WHEN F.D.R. gets this country well into a New Era we suffer a setback, getting a new batch of best-selling novelists, all of whom have their pictures taken with mussed hair and shirts open at the collar.—*John Chapman in N. Y. Daily News.*

TO TELL summer temperatures correctly, a popular science note informs us all you have to do is count the number of times a tree cricket chirps in a second and add forty. Another way is to look at the thermometer.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

AND NOW will somebody kindly oblige with a human interest story on how Elsie Parrish, chambermaid, will spend the difference between the wages paid her and the minimum wage of $14.50 granted her by the Supreme Court?—*Christopher Billopp in Baltimore Sun.*

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CUBAN DICTATOR COMBATS UNREST

Edicts Aid Women and White-Collar Class as Rumors Fly

More toothsome than the peppery pork and beef *chorizos* they munch with gusto are the now famous *bolas* (rumors) which, denied a free press, Cubans mouth zestfully as part of their daily menu.

For four years, spicier and more piquant *bolas* have kept Cuban jaws wagging, as eight Presidents have been installed in, and ejected from, the Presidential Palace.

The mass-production *bola* factory is Camp Columbia, near Havana, from which fortress urbane, iron-willed, able Col. Fulgencio Batista, tho officially only Chief of the Army Staff, lords it over the island Republic.

Dictator—Brilliant mob-orator when he must be, tight-lipped when he can be, Colonel Batista makes and unmakes Presidents, imprisons and liberates his enemies, muzzles labor-unions, silences unruly parliamentarians, rules Cuba single-handed as uncontested dictator.

Lest people accuse him of selfish motives, he flits about the country in airplanes, feeding poor *guajiro* children, haranguing sugar-plantation heads and establishing sergeant-run rural schools to inculcate love for the Fatherland.

From his modernly appointed, costly barracks and palatial home at Camp Columbia, symbol of his fascist power, he commands an army of 12,000 regulars, 20,000 reserves, 4,000 policemen and 3,000 sea-fighters. To maintain civic peace, his omnipresent, blue-hued *perseguidoras*—open Fords manned by four policemen with a machine-gun mounted in the rear—cruise the streets, flaunting the Fourth of September five-colored flag.

The Women—Last week, his latest Presidential puppet, elderly Federico Laredo Bru, blandly signed a decree to enlist Cuban señoritas' favor for Batista. No longer may stores that sell women's wear employ salesmen, according to the blush-saving measure, which encourages the employment of more women and also grants women full equality in labor regulations, limits their night work to six hours and enables them to handle their own money.

A fortnight earlier, the labor nationalization law prohibited the dismissal of Cuban employees where foreigners are employed. Shrewdly, Batista encouraged this legislation to stem discontent among the white-collar classes.

Tho challenged by the city population, Batista's rule grows apace in the country places, where his 3,000 Army-run schools train peasant children to respect military power as their only hope of salvation.

Likewise, big business prefers his law and order rule to the chaos of Cuban Parliamentarism, feeling that it marks at least a transition toward establishing real democracy. In proof of this, they point to the recent business revival and the reciprocity treaty with the United States, which has raised exports by $17,000,000 a year.

Joke on President—Nevertheless, *bolas* keep rolling thick and fast. Havana folk repeat how Laredo Bru, hardly four months President, recently ordered his chauffeur to drive him to his private home when he saw the $20,000,000 Capitol flooded with light (always a symbol of a change in the Presidency) as he emerged from a theater at night. A few minutes later he heaved a sigh of relief, when guards assured him the flood-lights were only for newsreel men.

Biggest *bola* Cubans have to digest is the pressure which Washington is said to be exerting for the reinstatement of Laredo Bru's predecessor, Dr. Miguel Mariano Gómez. Cubans firmly believe that Gómez's opposition to the Batista-sponsored sugar-tax was not the real cause of his impeachment. Rather, they blame it on United States Ambassador Jefferson Caffery's failure to oppose the move.

Feeling is strong that Washington still could reinstate Gómez. The latest and juiciest *bola* has it that the United States

Acme

Colonel Batista receives applause from Cuba's Army-supervised schoolchildren

holds the trump card in Cuban politics, as proven by these figures:

Cuba's public-works debt amounts to $40,000,000, of which about $34,000,000 is held by American bondholders. Another $20,000,000 in short-term bank credits is held by a New York bank, while a similar sum is held by Boston firms. The interest and sinking fund arrears gross about $20,000,000.

Paramount—Since it was Gómez who negotiated an agreement on this $94,000,000 debt and obtained a reduction of interest and extension of maturity dates (which the Cuban Congress has not yet ratified), it is felt that American influence is still paramount.

That Batista could easily find a face-saving device is equally intelligible to Cubans, who hilariously point to his recent reconciliation with one of his bitterest enemies, ex-President Ramón Grau San Martin, who, from his political exile in Florida, headed the *Autenticos*, or Cuban Revolutionary Party. This trick Batista performed by having the Havana Urgency Court rule that the *Autenticos* are not outlawable, leaving only the National Confederation of Labor, the Cuban Youth Association, the Communist Party and the Revolutionary Legion under the official ban.

In line with his new policy of liberal concessions, Batista reopened the University of Havana, which has been a hotbed of revolutionary activity since students began their anti-Machado campaign in 1927. Tho 114 of its former students are still rotting in jail, the 6,000 students now forming its classes are in a militant spirit under the direction of the all-powerful University Students' Council, which has been accused of acting as a weapon for political agitators.

Many an observer of the Cuban scene has come away with deep impressions of Batista's personality.

Prosperity—"There are evidences of stable prosperity in Cuba to-day," observes former New York State Senator Nathan Straus, who returned from Havana recently, "and Colonel Batista is anxious to improve and maintain economic conditions throughout the summer, so that the approaching Constitutional Convention will be in an atmosphere of tranquillity and good feeling.

"The Colonel is a man of tremendous personal charm, handsome, shrewd and alert. . . . He expressed great admiration for the American people and said he wanted to consider Cuba as 'a bridge of good feeling' between North and South America."

According to Jack O'Brine, Havana correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, the University of Havana "has become a 'problem child' of the Batista-Bru Government."

"Instead of bowing to the military powers," O'Brine says, "the University Students' Council used its influence to delay the opening of the long-closed school, and unwittingly raised new obstacles for government officials who joined forces with legislators to effect a truce.

"Unlike the opposition slapped against the Machado dictatorship and the Provisional Governments of President Ramón Grau San Martin and Carlos Mendieta, the present anti-Administration movement is passive."

CORONATION CUT: Rites Shortened to Conserve Monarch's Strength, Past Errors Studied

To conserve King George's strength, British officials last week lopped a full hour from the historic coronation ceremony scheduled for May 12, bringing it down to two hours.

Peers, instead of taking the oath of homage individually while kneeling before the newly-crowned monarch, will proclaim together the beautiful thousand-year-old words:

"I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of folk. So help me God." The sermon will be omitted.

With the Great Day less than a month away, the preparations begun a year ago for a monarch now almost forgotten were feverishly intensified.

Hammers rang late into the night on

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Globe

Renovations as well as preparations for the Coronation: E VIII R changed to G VI R in the Royal cipher on the uniforms of the bandsmen in the Household Cavalry

the wooden stands which line the seven-mile route from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. Within the Gothic Abbey, workmen erected tier on tier of seats, so that 8,000 peers and privileged spectators can squeeze into a church designed for only 3,000.

Robes and Coronets—Peeresses took a last squint at the rules for their costumes which the Duke of Norfolk, first peer of the realm, issued. "The Order Concerning the Robes and Coronets, *etc.*, which are to be worn by Peeresses at the Coronation of His Most Sacred Majesty King George VI" sets down the length of train to which the ladies are entitled. Thus, baronesses rate one yard, countesses a yard and a half, duchesses two, and Queen Elizabeth the full dignity of a train six yards long.

The width of the ermine and miniver (pure white ermine) which trims their crimson velvet mantles also varies according to rank.

At the Royal School of Needlework, presided over by the gracious Lady Smith Dorrien, hundreds of the country's most expert needlewomen embroidered the Queen's ivory satin gown with the rose of England, Scotland's thistle, Welsh leeks, the shamrock, Canadian maple leaves, protea flowers for South Africa, lotus-blossoms for India and ferns for New Zealand.

Artists in metal fashioned her crown of platinum, which will include the Kohinoor diamond, gift of the Queen Mother.

Seamstresses took over the dress uniforms of bandsmen in the Household Cavalry, and changed the royal cipher "E VIII R" to "G VI R."

With a cardboard crown and wooden scepter, understudies began to rehearse the ceremony. The Duke of Norfolk's sister, a short, plump, brown-haired girl who resembles Queen Elizabeth, substituted for her.

Queen Mary, who will be the first Queen Mother in history to see her son crowned, motored to the Abbey in her long black Daimler to inspect the work there. Escorted by Norfolk, she smilingly sat on the dais from which she will view the ceremony.

Unlike the King's health, his mother's calls for no special concessions. With characteristic energy, the woman who will be seventy in May walked nearly a mile during her hour's visit.

Surveying the litter of lumber and tools, she asked anxiously: "Can it all be finished in time?" Young Norfolk assured her that it could.

As Earl Marshal responsible for every detail of the ceremony, the Duke has taken every precaution to avoid a slip. If one does occur, the world public will never see it, for he reserves the right to approve motion-pictures taken from specially constructed pillars in the Abbey. It is also said that, to avoid the King's stuttering too publicly, his speeches will be rehearsed until perfect, cut on a phonograph record, and then broadcast.

Errors Feared—The Duke is making valiant efforts to avoid the errors which sometimes interrupted earlier Coronations. Because the little Princess Mary, now Countess of Harewood, tripped on her long train and fell at King George V's Coronation, Princess Elizabeth will wear a very short one.

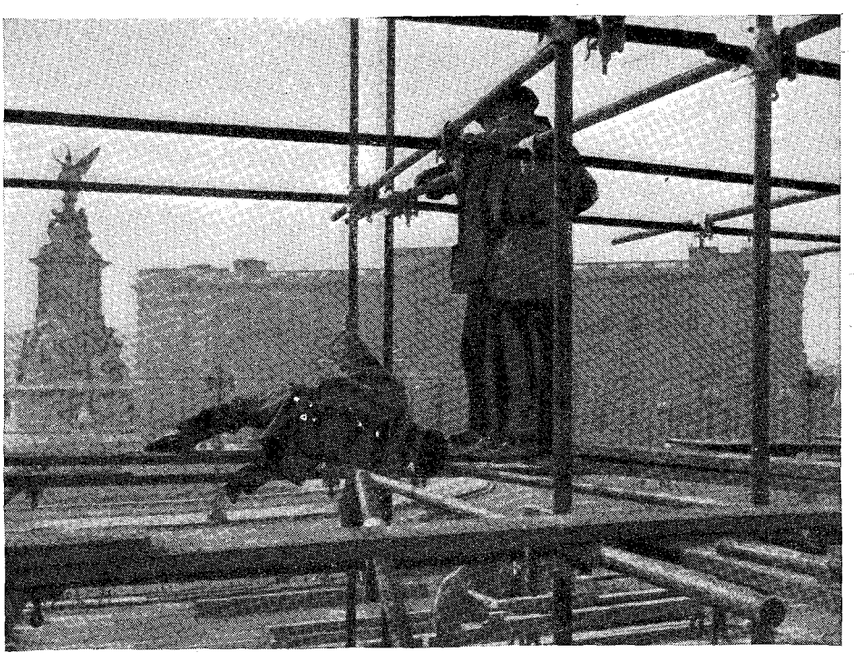
In the twelfth century, Henry I suffered from a bishops' feud. The Bishop of Salisbury, jealous that the Archbishop of Canterbury had more powers than he, seized the crown and placed it on the monarch's head. Canterbury knocked it off angrily with his crozier, incidentally banging poor Henry's skull. George III fainted from the heat and the overpowering weight of his gold and ermine robes, and attendants interrupted the ceremony to revive him with smelling-salts. When he complained of slip-ups during the day, the Earl of Effingham made a classic apology:

"It is true, sire, there has been some neglect, but I have taken care the next Coronation shall be regulated in the best manner possible."

In 1821, the *Observer of the Times* omitted the "usual variety of political and foreign articles of intelligence," and devoted its entire four pages to George IV's crowning. The paper described how Queen Caroline, who had lived apart from her husband for six years, turned up to be crowned herself. At three gates, attendants, on the King's orders, demanded the ticket she did not have, then turned her carriage away. (She was never crowned.)

"His Majesty," the paper reported, "seemed very much oppressed with the weight of his robes, which seemed to be immense. He frequently wiped his face while he remained seated." Also, "perhaps afraid of the awkwardness of the Barons," he walked ahead of the canopy they were endeavoring to hold over him. At intervals during the long hours he slipped behind the altar for a drink and a snack.

Little Queen Victoria suffered agonies



Knopf—Pix

In the shadow of Buckingham Palace rise the skeletons of Coronation structures

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from the ring which the excited Archbishop squeezed onto her third finger.

None of these small accidents, painful or amusing tho they were, could long mar the beauty of the ancient ritual of the Coronation.

NAZI AFRICAN ILLS: German Men in Former Colony Face Recruiting Fines

Last year, young men of German origin in South West Africa, big as Texas and mandated to the South African Union after the World War, were summoned, on pain of a 150-mark ($37) fine, to report to the office of the German Consul for examination for service in the German Army.

Last week, seventy-one-year-old Union Premier John Barry Munnik Herzog retaliated by forbidding them to respond to such recruiting, on pain of a fine of £100 ($487), thirteen times as great as the German fine.

Forbidden also by decree is all political activity of the Deutsche Bund (Nazi organization in South West Africa). Denied, without special authorization, is membership in any public body by non-British subjects. Those already members must resign.

Britons Get Permit—None but British subjects may address meetings, vote on any matter concerning public affairs, or have any voice in their control. Forbidden also is it for any British subject to give allegiance to a head of a State other than the King of England.

Reaction was immediate.

Already accused by the Pretoria Government of attempting to form a State, purely German, within a State, the Germans of the mandated territory went the whole hog, set up secret tribunals of their own, boycotted the government courts, launched a drive to boycott all government bodies, mapped an eventual protest to, of all places, Geneva.

Immediate protest scorched the cables to Berlin. Back to Pretoria shot a protest from Berlin's Foreign Office, to be delivered to Premier Herzog by German Minister Emil Wiehl.

Nazis Accuse Premier—In Berlin, the Nazi press accused the Premier of violating the terms of the League of Nations Mandate under which he was supposed to administer the territory; accused him of planning to end the Mandate by outright annexation of the territory into the Union, quoted him as having said:

"South West Africa will become part of the South African Union."

In London, not directly involved in the dispute, chuckles of delight predominated. Ended now was the talk of "a fair deal to the Reich" which for years had worried the custodians of Empire. Herzog they knew for a man typifying the British bulldog. Once he takes hold, he never lets go.

German, British Dispute—Prior to the accession of the Hitlerites to power in Berlin, relations between the German and British settlers in the mandated territory were, if not overwarm, at least endurable. The bulk of the Germans accepted naturalization as British subjects, were allowed to retain their language in press and schools, apparently accepted their lot as permanent.

But with the triumph of National Socialism in Germany, only friction became permanent. As long ago as July, 1934, the Hitler Youth Movement became so active that Pretoria banned it as illegal. Police raiding Nazi headquarters at Windhoek (population 4,600 whites, 12,500 blacks), Capital of the Mandate, seized documents which caused them to expel from the territory Hitler Youth Leader Captain von Losnitzer and later his successor, Major Weigel. Further seizures revealed that the South West African Nazis were blacklisting settlers of German origin who fraternized with Jews or with Britons, or who disobeyed Nazi Party orders.

Black List—Those on the black lists were threatened with reprisals—"when South West Africa is restored to the Reich."

Open break came when, in 1934, the German minority in the Legislative Assembly of eighteen walked out in protest against a ban on Nazi uniforms. Formation of what Premier Herzog later called "a State within a State" began almost immediately.

When German Consul von Oehlhaven began calling up young ex-Germans for military examination, he replied to British questioning:

"Once a German, always a German. Whether naturalized or not, Germans in foreign countries are liable for military service."

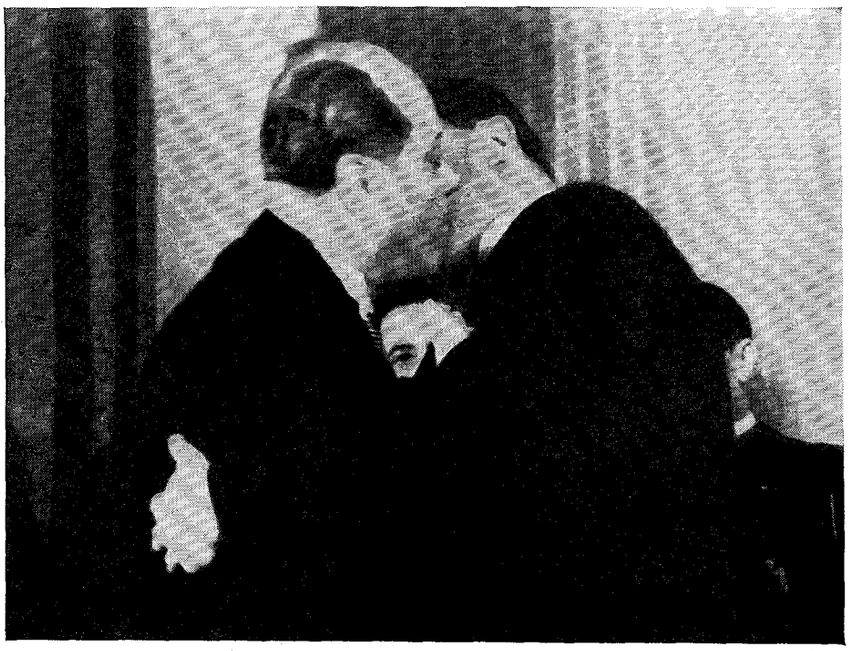
Constant Boycotts—Boycotts between British and German populations were constant. The English-language papers charged that Nazi propaganda agents were sent in swarms from Germany in the guise of ministers of the gospel, missionaries and schoolmasters. German-language papers published threats of what would happen to British subjects "when Germany got the territory back." Hoping to content everybody, Pretoria officials declared: (1) That the territory would not be annexed to the Union of South Africa, and (2) that it would not be returned to Germany.

South West Africa was annexed to Germany by Bismarck in 1884. During the thirty years of German rule, only 12,000 whites settled there. The World War in South Africa ended when the colony surrendered to the British in 1915. White population is still only 31,000, among a quarter of a million blacks of many tribes.

BALKAN ACCORD: Agreement Brings Peace Hope to Central Europe Group

A coquet of international reputation, Yugoslavia sits on top of the Balkan world, keeps her admirers at fever-heat, and by her frowns and favors changes almost from week to week the delicate balance of the world's old trouble center.

Last week, that ardent wooer, President Eduard Benes of Czechoslovakia, arrived in Belgrade and tried to regain the smiles



Acme

Bulgarian Premier M. Kiosseivanov and Yugoslav Premier M. Stojadinovitch signed a treaty between their respective countries and "sealed it with a kiss" of peace

the fickle nation lavished on Benito Mussolini last month.

Yugoslavia, which for more than a decade had considered Italy her worst enemy, had suddenly signed a treaty. She did so in violation of her obligation to register the pact under the auspices of the League of Nations, as well as the understanding by which she should first have submitted it to her Little Entente allies, Czechoslovakia and Rumania.

The new-found friends agreed to respect their mutual frontiers, to ban war for five years, and to remain neutral in case either was attacked by a third party. Yugoslavia also wangled native language privileges for its nationals in Italy, the suppression of Ustasha, terrorist organization, and a trade treaty which should mean $15,000,000 a year more in exports.

Broad Warning—Italy gained only the Slavs' resignation to the frontiers of her ally, Albania. But the new set-up served as a warning to Britain and France that *Il Duce*, having made peace on the Adriatic, was just so much freer to harass Britain and France in the Mediterranean.

Yugoslavia's admirers include France,

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which wants support against German aggression. "Germany," according to the *Christian Science Monitor*, "wants its (Belgrade's) support against the Hapsburgs and Italy; Italy wants its support for its imperial plans; the Balkan Entente wishes its support against Bulgaria; the Little Entente against Hungary; Bulgaria, against various neighbors." Before encouraging Italy, Yugoslavia had given the kiss of peace to Bulgaria, firm upholder of Nazi Germany.

"We like friends," Premier Milan Stojadinovitch said, calmly, when his opponents accused him of trying to make friends with every one at once.

Yet the welcome he prepared for his friend Benes last week proved less enthusiastic than usual; in fact, the Premier omitted the customary announcement of the time of his arrival, together with an exhortation that citizens welcome the distinguished visitor.

Contrast—Host and guest, both among Europe's cleverest statesmen, presented a strong contrast. Stojadinovitch, a strong, upstanding, handsome Serb, spars a few rounds before breakfast every morning with a professional who calls his right hook terrific. At night, occasionally, he plays poker in the Legations, astonishing diplomats with his ability to stay up till all hours.

His guest, small, gangling and winning, played professional football as a youth, then went to Britain on a meager scholarship.

"The man who to-day is known affectionately as 'Beans,'" a London correspondent reports, "lived, in those days, virtually *on* beans."

Far from offering the official welcome of bread and salt to "Beans," the Yugoslav Premier hoped that the Czech statesman might slip into Belgrade practically unnoticed.

The Opposition planned otherwise. Crowds which last month smashed the windows of the Italian delegation's hotel as a protest against the treaty, turned out to give President Benes the most enthusiastic reception a foreigner has had in years.

Some 300 students landed in jail for shouting "Down with Fascist Italy and Mussolini!"

Peasants, barred from the Capital by a ring of policemen, lined the railroad tracks next day for Benes's visit to the tomb of murdered King Alexander.

Wins Child King—The official guest gave Prince Paul, the Regent, a Bohemian glass dinner-set.

A first-rate diplomat, he won the undying affection of thirteen-year-old King Peter with a dressing-case whose gold fittings included a razor.

Otherwise, what he took back to Prague was less valuable. He had not even dared broach the Quai d'Orsay's suggestion that Yugoslavia and Rumania swing further into the French orbit and, like Czechoslovakia herself, make mutual assistance treaties with Paris.

At the most, the *New York Times* reported, he may have "cemented the cracks which had begun to appear in the Little Entente following the conclusion of the Italo-Yugoslav pact."

Benes also scotched Italy's plans for a treaty between Yugoslavia and Hungary —the country whose dream of regaining War-lost lands first inspired its beneficiaries (Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania) to unite against it. His main victory lay in imponderables, for the demonstrations in Belgrade and Croatia indicated that, in spite of the politicians' flirtations with Fascists, Yugoslavs generally still clung to their allies.

QUARREL IN QUEBEC:
Communism Fought by Law in Canadian Province

Blows to the Left, blows to the Right were struck in Quebec, Canada's largest Province, last week.

Only Province in which women neither vote nor hold office, but with the highest birth-rate, predominantly French and Catholic, Quebec was on the verge of passing a Mothers' Pension Bill, denounced by one of the members of the Legislative Council (twenty-four members appointed for life) as a "move toward communism."

Simultaneously, as a move against communism, the Council received for its third reading a "Padlock Bill" backed by the black-eyed, sarcastic Attorney General and Premier, Maurice Duplessis.

This bill gives the Government sweeping powers to close any premises which have been, or will be, used for communist purposes, and to seize any newspaper, periodical or other printed matter containing communist propaganda. Omitted is any definition of communism.

Undefinable—"Communism can be *felt*," explained the Premier. "Any definition would prevent the application of the law."

Conspicuously absent also is any suggestion of padlocking premises used for fascist propaganda or seizure of fascist literature, tho an avowedly fascistic party exists, led by Adrian Arcand.

From both extremes, according to Quebec parliamentarians, the Province is inundated with propaganda.

"Tons of fascist literature are distributed here through German Nazi agencies," protested members of the minority Liberal Party in the directly-elected Legislative Assembly (lower house) of ninety members.

"Tons of communist literature are also distributed annually," countered Wilfrid Gariepy, Liberal Member of the Dominion Parliament.

"Old Fox" Out—In uneasy balance atop the dual avalanche is forty-six-year-old Premier Duplessis, whose National Union coalition last August outvoted the Liberal Party and ousted "Old Fox" Louis Taschereau from the Premier's office he had held for sixteen long years.

Communism, once legal, then outlawed, later legalized again, still further benefited by deletions from the criminal code, even now, according to Communist Party Secretary "Tim" Buck, numbers only 1,500 adherents in Quebec Province, and only 15,000 in all Canada; yet is said to have its fingers in 300 labor-organizations.

To Socialist Farmer-Laborite J. S. Woodsworth, Chairman of the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, the Duplessis Padlock Bill menaces all but the most conservative groups in the Dominion.

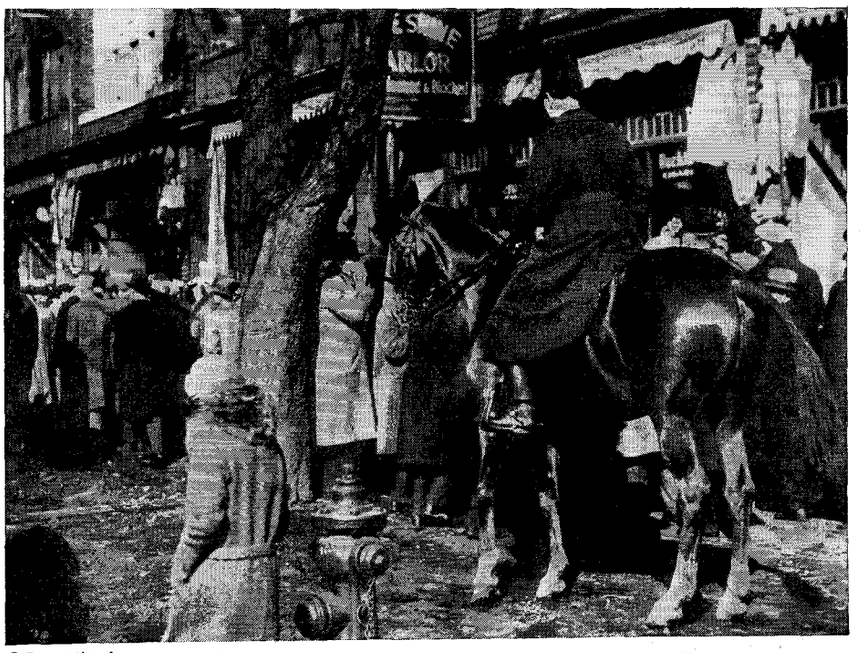
He denounced it as so loosely worded that "all the Bibles of Quebec could be seized and destroyed and all the churches padlocked, since the Bible contains passages which could be construed as tending to promote communism within the meaning of the law."

Cabinet Discord—Even in the Cabinet, apparent discord exists. "Rugged individualism will not be tolerated in this Province; and if necessary, further social legislation will be introduced to prevent it," thundered the Hon. T. J. Coonan.

Right of collective bargaining already is guaranteed under Quebec law. That the small number of genuine Reds has taken advantage of the law by backing "troublemakers" in 300 non-communist organizations is part of the argument for the Padlock Bill.

Bill Disliked—Offsetting the bill, the Mothers' Pension Bill is disliked by many of the Legislative Council members, yet conceded by all to be necessary.

"We are taking away the duties of parents to their children and of children to



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The influence of Canada's small communist demonstrations is felt by 300 labor-organizations

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parents," expostulated the Hon. Mederic Matin. "Tho it will save Montreal $300,000 a year in the support of orphanages . . . what is to happen to these religious institutions when mothers take their children out? . . . The old age pension has been in effect but a few months, and the result is that refuges for the old are being deserted."

"TALK-IT-OVER": High Japanese Suicide Rate Is Reduced by Society

Tho double suicides of despairing lovers who leap into the blazing lava of Mount Mihara have brought recent fame to beautiful Oshima Island, sixty miles out in Tokyo Bay, and have made it a tourists' Mekka, the actual frequency of the romantic death-leaps is on the decline.

Three years ago 830 plunged into the volcano's fiery eternity, last year only 619.

Gaping crowds about the crater as well as wooden barricades and wire entanglements have made the leisurely *shinju* rite difficult to complete in proper form.

Moreover, from an observatory on the lip of the pit, watchers with a small telescope scan the crumbling circle of smoking rock, and by telephone dispatch strong young guards to any point at which a young couple with artificially whitened faces chant verses of the ancient rite preparatory to making the plunge.

Suicide Not Forbidden—But neither tourists, who may drag the would-be leapers to safety, nor the official guards can prevent them if they are really determined. Neither religion nor law forbids suicide in Nippon, where it holds a high place in tradition and history. Only persuasion may be legally used. And, if persuasion fails, the couples must be permitted to have their way.

More effective as a final deterrent than guards, crowds, barricades or tangled wire is the Jisatsu Boshi Kyokai—a chain of suicide-prevention clinics established in a small way at Tokyo and now extended by private philanthropy to every bathing beach, lovers' leap, or other popular suicide resort in the Islands.

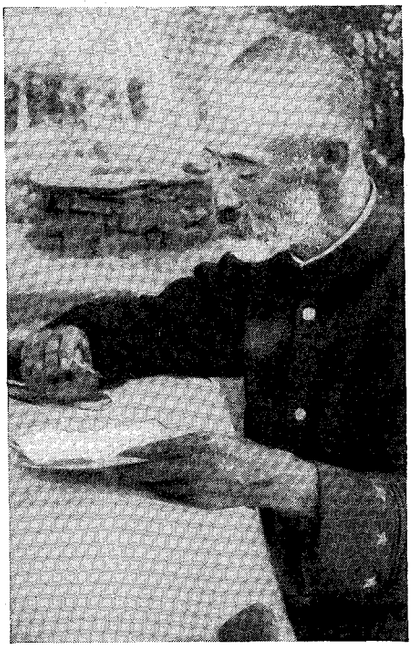
Chief of the clinics, and their founder, Ryunosuke Kobayashi saved the first 120 intended suicides brought to him, including one who had promised to "talk it over before he died" but who had swallowed poison as he entered the office.

Effective Deterrent—Known popularly as the "Talk-It-Over Society," the Jisatsu Boshi Kyokai, tho highly effective, has not yet succeeded in getting Japan's annual suicide total below 17,000 or 18,000 a year.

In spite of the decline of double suicides at Mount Mihara, the lovers' leap tradition has brought wealth to the island dwellers. A steamship line which a few years ago ran but one small vessel to the island three times a week now runs larger steamers every day.

And no monopoly of *shinju* has Mount Mihara. Almost as popular is Kyomizu Temple's wooden balcony on a cliff over Kyoto, ancient Imperial Capital of Japan for 1,000 years.

Difficulty in lessening the suicide-rate in Nippon lies in the reverence with which voluntary renunciation of life has been held throughout the history of the race. In its most respected form, *hara-kiri*, suicide is never an act of fear or passion, but is undertaken in calm resolve and from a sense of duty. It takes on the character of a sacrament.



Underwood

Suicide King: General Nogi killed himself in homage to Japanese he sent to death in war

Kills Sons—Most notable death by *hara-kiri* in recent history was that of Gen. Maresuki Nogi, victor of Port Arthur, who, with his wife, killed himself in 1912.

Nogi had sent his two sons to death with 150,000 other young Japanese in the battle which brought him fame and glory and which established Japan as a world Power. Honors were lavished upon him.

Undemonstrative outwardly he expressed himself in verse:

Amid the clamor of victory,
Profound horror of my distress,
What face shall I show
When the parents of so many dead youths look at me?

Nogi's master, the Emperor Meiji, died in 1912. And when the boom of cannons signaled the departure of the funeral cortege from the Imperial Palace the little retired general and his wife ended their lives in a death deliberately more painful than a soldier dies, a death which by tradition shows that a Samurai is master of all considerations of suffering.

FRANTIC FRANCO: Stung by Italian Taunts, He Acts and Treads on British Toes

Last week, the turn of events in the Spanish war arena shattered Fascist nerves. Enraged by taunts of a "second Caporetto," his pride hurt by the failure of his Spanish Rebel protégés, *Il Duce* had his journalistic mouthpiece accuse France and Soviet Russia of violating the international non-intervention agreement by aiding the Loyalist forces with air-planes, ammunition and expert military advice.

Stung by his ally's criticism, Insurgent Generalissimo Francisco Franco in sheer desperation ordered his 120 air-planes and naval units patroling the approaches to Bilbao, on the Bay of Biscay, to destroy any ship that tried to deliver food or other material to that Loyalist town's 100,000 war refugees. In so doing, Franco trod on British toes.

Already, Premier Léon Blum of France, which stands solidly committed with Britain on non-intervention, had given the lie to the charges of Virginio Gayda, Premier Mussolini's unofficial spokesman and Editor of *Giornale d'Italia*, that Paris was not only furnishing war-material to the Valencia Government, but that the Loyalist High Command was also dominated by a French military staff.

Blockade—For days, four food-laden British ships had been trying to run the Rebel blockade to deliver their much-needed supplies to Bilbao's famished inhabitants. Shooed off by Insurgent guns, they sought near-by French ports, awaiting a decision by the British Government.

At 10 Downing Street last Sunday, all but one of the nattily-dressed members of the British Cabinet broke their habitually peaceful week-end and met to decide, perhaps, the fate of the Spanish War.

Meanwhile the Admiralty had ordered the world's mightiest battle-ship, H.M.S. *Hood*, to steam to the war-zone and stand ready for a Cabinet decision refusing to recognize the Insurgents' blockade, or to accord them the status of belligerents under international law.

At the same time, jittery London heard cheering news when, according to the United Press, "reliable sources reported that Premier Mussolini has consented, under British pressure, to discuss the withdrawal of his Italian 'volunteers' from Spain. Hitler, who seeks strong British friendship, reportedly was the go-between in the negotiations. . . . It is probable Mussolini may insist he is still firm. But British officials will regard any further Italian resistance as a face-saving maneuver."

Hot Lead—While Bilbao's fate hung in the balance, Loyalists discounted their steady retreat in the Bay of Biscay sector and pursued their steady offensive against the Rebel forces besieging Madrid. To raise the siege of the former Capital, their heavy tanks and Russian-made snub-nosed air-planes (*Chatos*) poured tons of hot lead on the Insurgent defenders of Casa de Campo and University City for three days.

Admitting his troops were meeting stiff, almost heroic resistance, Gen. José Miaja, Supreme Commander of the Loyalist forces in central Spain, deployed his effectives into two hand-grenade-throwing wings, reenforced by tank and bomber units: one wing moving northward to isolate University City, another shooting southward in a movement to envelop Casa de Campo and cripple resistance.

"Casualties apparently are running fairly high on both sides," cabled Herbert L. Matthews of the *New York Times*. "At a guess, there have been perhaps 3,000 or 4,000 all told.

Close Fighting—"General Miaja said that in the fighting at Aguila Hill the Loyalists were using hand-grenades, which means close and deadly fighting. Neither General Miaja nor anybody else hazarded an explanation as to why the Insurgents had not counter-attacked."

On the Cordoba front, southward, government troops likewise continued their almost uninterrupted series of victories. Madrilenos were cheered by the news that

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their troops had made a contact with the left wing on the Estremadura front, northwest of Cordoba, when they occupied Blasquez in their drive westward.

"Madrid celebrated the fifth month-end of the Rebel siege," Matthews reported, "by rejoicing over an important victory on the Cordoba front. Next to the victory last month on the Guadalajara front, it was the greatest thus far achieved by Loyalist arms and, like the one at Guadalajara, it was won in the open country by outmaneuvering and outfighting the Rebels.

"This time, moreover, the Government defeated a typical Insurgent force composed mostly of Spaniards, with contingents of foreigners and the usual foreign technicians."

Revitalized Militia—The unexpected Loyalist offensive drive was contagious, both in its extent and force. Feeling buoyed up with intensive training of its erstwhile "green" militiamen, Valencia ordered the campaign against Huesca, near the French border northward, to be pushed with revived fury. There, Loyalists were reenforced with Catalan troops who, forgetting their anarchistic principles, advanced against the left wing of Insurgent Gen. Emilio Mola's Carlist and *Falangista* (Fascist) troops.

It was only in Bilbao that the Loyalists met continued reverses, despite the timely help of Asturian sympathizers. Insurgent ships and air-planes mercilessly shelled the harassed city and, to demoralize the outlying Biscayan districts, villages were subjected to intermittent broadsides. Their homes destroyed, peasants flocked to the already low-provisioned city. Basques, however, refused to be discouraged and their Department of Defense ordered all able-bodied men to the colors, rallied women to replace them in running the factories.

At the same time, the Basque Youth Movement marshaled boys between the ages of sixteen and nineteen to take part in the Anti-Fascist Youth Battalion.

With victory steadily running in its favor, the Valencia Loyalist Government turned its attention to home problems. Most important next to war tactics it found the question of taking care of about 250,000 homeless children, up to sixteen years of age, who were evacuated from Madrid and Malaga.

To provide them with sanitary conditions and continue their educations, the Government established numerous camps and colonies, for Valencia is too overcrowded to accommodate more people.

LATIN BALLOTS: Liberals and Women, Dynamite and Blood in Election Contests

With tragic seriousness, two of Latin America's most liberal Republics—Mexico and Colombia—last week infused fresh progressive blood into their Congresses amidst the crackling of dynamite and unlicensed firearms. Vigilant Government troops were hard put to stop the bloody violence from taking more than a dozen lives and inflicting scores of injuries in the name of democracy.

In Colombia it was a one-sided struggle between the moderate Right and extreme Left-wingers of the Liberal Party to control the Chamber of Deputies, while Conservatives boycotted the elections and merely satisfied themselves with denouncing President Alfonso Lopez's "Red" platform.

Newspaper Winner—Almost half a million voters finally swept the Right-wing Liberals into power and cinched the forthcoming election of wiry, fluent-tongued Eduardo Santos, Publisher of Bogota's most popular daily newspaper, *El Tiempo*. Groomed by Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, Colombia's first liberal President in fifty years (1930-'34), Santos quickly gained popularity for his progressive editorials in *El Tiempo*, which solidly backed the Liberal Party.

Badly licked was Dario Echandía, who good-naturedly urged his Left-wingers to refrain from Election violence as he left Colombia to assume his post as Minister to the Vatican, left vacant by Dr. Olaya Herrera's death.

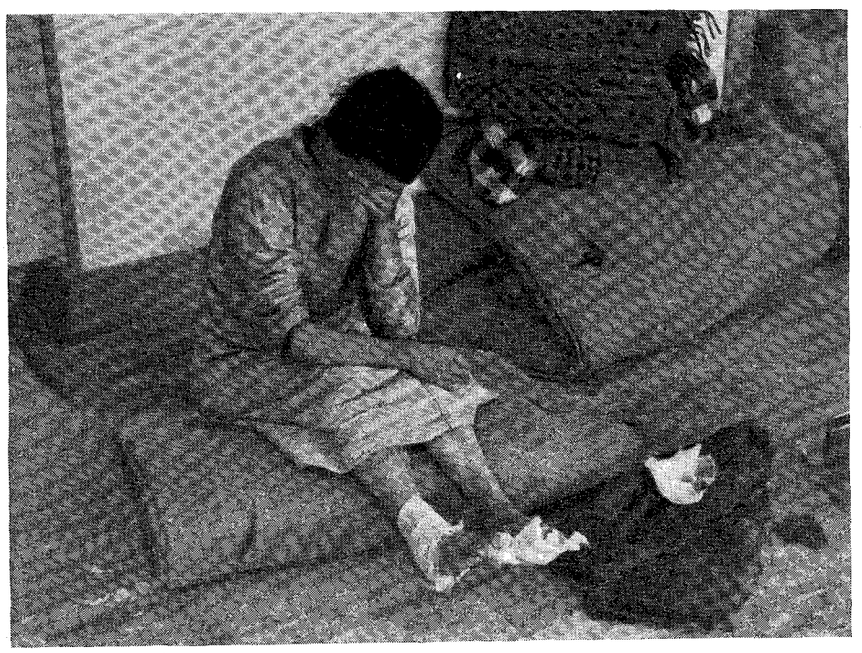
Assured of a solidly Liberal Senate, Santos's Chamber will be made up of about ninety-one Right-wing Liberals, seventeen Echandía Liberals, eight Independent Liberals, one Socialist and one Communist.

Election Phrase—Mexicans, electrified by the newfangled slogan of "Effective Suffrage and No Reelection," also went to the Primaries to nominate 173 out of about 2,000 candidates for their Chamber of Deputies, whose election is scheduled for next July.

Fearing major violence, President Lázaro Cárdenas ordered Federal troops held ready in barracks of outlying districts to protect his National Revolutionary (Government) Party's candidates.

No important political figures featured the heated contest, whose outcome in favor of the Government was a foregone conclusion. The Primaries, however, marked the first time that Mexico's organized women—members of labor, peasant and agrarian unions—took part in the nominations.

Altho the Constitution does not bar women from voting, the Mexican courts do not seem to think they are eligible to cast ballots. To force a test, Señora Maria del Refugio Garciá and Señorita Soledad Orozco announced that they would run as independent candidates for the July Elections.



Robert Capa from Black Star

Tired and footsore, Spain's refugees suffer the tortures of war that shows no pity

FOREIGN FLASHES

Lauenberg, Germany—Lauenbergers last week lost their perpetual right to free train-rides to neighboring Beuchen. In compensation, the Reich Government will pay the city $15,000. When, in 1852, the Berlin-Hamburg Railroad was built, Lauenberg belonged to Denmark. For permission to cross his territory, Danish King Frederick VII exacted free fares to Beuchen for his subjects for all eternity. Eternity lasted eighty-five years.

* * *

The Hague—Friends of Prince Bernhard, welcoming him back from his three-months' honeymoon with Holland's Crown Princess Juliana, accepted his gift cigars with trepidation last week. They knew that he had stocked up with exploding cigars in a Paris boulevard joke-shop. Thrusting the gift smokes into their pockets, most of the recipients murmured, "I'll smoke it later."

* * *

Brussels—Garnering but 19 per cent. of 363,440 votes, histrionic, hot-headed Leon Degrelle, Belgium Rexist, failed to gain dictatorial powers last week *via* a bitterly contested by-election for a Chamber of Deputies seat. His opponent, Premier Van Zeeland, circus-paraded donkeys through Brussels streets labeled: "I vote for Degrelle." Belgians took the hint.

* * *

Bucharest—Rumanians used to associating their King with the name of his sweetheart, Mme. Magda Lupescu, felt puzzled last week when the Crown Council, heeding Carol's request, dropped Prince Nicholas from the Royal succession. Reason: Nicholas insisted that his commoner wife be recognized as Princess, thus inflaming the anger of both his Royal brother and Mme. Lupescu.

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Parade

Proud mothers and fathers around the country gasped when twenty-eight-month-old **Christine Dunn**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence T. Dunn, of Bonne Terre, Missouri, was found to have an intelligence quotient of 185. This is forty-eight points higher than the mark normally identified with genius. Dr. John P. Nafe, head of the Washington University Department of Psychology, made the discovery.

* * *

Returned from another sojourn in Greenland, **Rockwell Kent**, artist, was full of praise for the Eskimos. "Social security has been in effect there for centuries and the Eskimos' culture is also centuries old. Occupied principally with sealing and fishing, they practise communism. That is, they share alike. Social security arises from the fact that all can have food and shelter for the asking."

* * *

While *Il Duce* clamors for more population, **Prof. Mario Mancini**, thirty-three, is making people disappear at Rome. He denied he was a magician, said his trick was by "purely scientific principles, and I do not use mirrors." After making his wife and sister disappear and reappear, he added: "It is simply a scientific instrument which nullifies the rays reflected by opaque bodies."

* * *

Robert Montgomery, motion-picture actor, received a visit at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios the other day from Josephine, glamourous simian performer which has cavorted before cameras since 1920. The anthropoid actress has appeared in 300 pictures and embarrassed Montgomery by her ability to steal the limelight. The monkey star isn't the least bit temperamental, "emotes" in any rôle.

* * *

Police Sergt. **Walter Heath** of Denver received a telephone call from a seventy-seven-year-old woman who asked for urgent advice. "I have to go to the post-office every day," the aged woman said, "and there is some old flirt who ogles me and tries to help me across the street. I want to know if it will be all right for me to use my cane on him?" "By all means," the sergeant replied.

* * *

Awarded the 1936 medal of the National Speech-Arts Fellowship for fine diction and effective speech, actress **Helen Hayes** explained how she had to conquer a Southern accent for her first stage job. "Somebody told me I ought to exercise my tongue. I took a mirror, made all the horrible faces I could think of with my tongue, twisted it all over the place. A speech-teacher I had, hastily consulted, told me to do this."

* * *

"I don't think cycling in bandit-infested China is any more dangerous than cycling on American highways," said **Manek K. Vajifdar**, twenty-three-year-old Indian. Immediately after graduation from the University of Bombay in the spring of 1934, he started a world cycling tour. He expects to return to India in the summer of 1938. Vajifdar plans to attend a National Boy Scout Jamboree in Washington in June and an international meeting in Holland in July.

Pictures, Inc.

Christine Dunn's I.Q. floored scientists

© International

Robert Montgomery, a host to Josephine

Betty Ann Ortt, thirteen, proved a recent sensation on Major Bowes's Amateur program. With absolute calm, surprizing virtuosity, she played the first four pages of the Paganini Concerto in D. Three thousand listeners voted her excellent, a conservatory in White Plains, New York, offered her a scholarship.

* * *

Worried by excess weight, **George Cukor**, film director ("Romeo and Juliet," "Camille") sought advice from Greta Garbo's doctor, who supplied the following diet: Hot water for breakfast, followed half an hour later by either stewed or fresh fruit. One or two bran muffins for lunch, plus celery and lettuce without dressing. During the afternoon drink one quart of two-thirds water, one-third unsweetened pineapple juice. For dinner beef or lamb broiled rare with one vegetable and a mixed green salad with green mineral-oil dressing. Alternate this dinner with two green vegetables, a salad and stewed fruit. Never any coffee, alcohol or spices.

* * *

Among those sailing for Europe last week was **Count Felix Schaffgotsch**, Director of Sun Valley, new winter resort in Idaho. During the summer in Austria he will complete plans for further furnishings for new buildings to be added to the resort.

* * *

Strip-tease addicts are full of inhibitions, according to **Dr. Joseph Jastrow**, former President of the American Psychological Association, author of many works on psychology. "The public likes them because in seeing them it achieves a feeling of restraint, a sense of safely doing something it shouldn't do. Those who enjoy the undressing shows get a vicarious satisfaction out of being there. They have a fling subconsciously, as they do, say, actually, on Hallowe'en or New Year's eve."

* * *

Sailors played tag with English girls recently when holiday-making maids in **Filey, Yorkshire**, insisted on touching a sailor's collar for luck while *en route* for the first dip of the season. Observers said the running up and down the board-walks was little short of a stampede.

© Harris & Ewing

Tag with tars . . . Britain's gobs fled before girls trying to touch their "lucky" collars

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LIFE-SPAN INCREASE HELD PROBABLE

Dr. H. C. Sherman Finds Formula in Rat Experiments

Back in 1920 a scientist began feeding table salt, powdered milk, and No. 1 Kansas red wheat to a family of albino rats. Those rats, he thought, might teach human beings how to live longer, more buoyantly. To-day the scientist's filing-cabinets contain the life histories of some 65,000 descendants of that original rat family, which lived, ate and gave up its pink-eyed ghosts to the science of nutrition.

Last week, Dr. Henry C. Sherman, Mitchill Professor of Chemistry at Columbia University, told the Academy of Medicine in New York City that his rats had shown how to increase the span of human life by 10 per cent. There are no ifs and buts about it. If human beings ate as sagely as Doctor Sherman's rats, human adult life expectancy would increase from seventy to seventy-seven years, he explained.

Academicians sat up and took notice, as nearly pop-eyed as academicians can become. For Doctor Sherman spoke as one having authority. He is one of a handful of American scientists whose studies in nutrition have brought him international fame. Genial, low-voiced, with friendly eyes behind horn-rimmed spectacles, Doctor Sherman sits in his Havemeyer Hall office wearing a comfortable gray sweater which would sag alarmingly if all the medals awarded to him by scientific societies were pinned thereto.

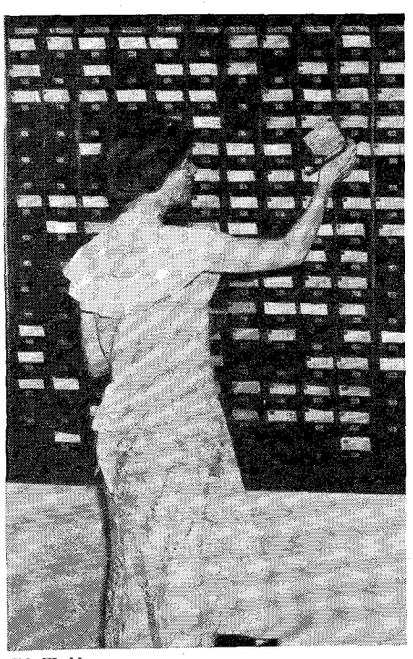
Formula for Longevity—His formula for lengthening life is simple: Increase the proportion of milk, vegetables and fruit in the diet. These are the so-called "protective foods."

No food faddist, Doctor Sherman has no rigid diet schedule to propose. A fairly high percentage of these protective foods, plus grain products of which a moderate proportion should be of the whole or slightly milled varieties, plus liberal quantities of milk or milk products, are the essentials of his diet. Meats and sweets are not proscribed; if enough of the protective foods are consumed, the balance of required calories can be regulated by the appetite.

The case histories of his rats enable Doctor Sherman to make his positive statement that human life can be prolonged by 10 per cent. Fed meals of five-sixths ground whole wheat and one-sixth dried whole milk, his rats lived good average lives. With the milk proportion stepped up, giving the laboratory animals two-thirds ground whole wheat and one-third dried whole milk, the average life span increased. The additional life span of rats fed on this diet amounted to approximately two months, roughly equivalent to five or six years of the human life cycle.

Wide World

In the hands of their custodian, unsuspecting white rats submit to dietary experimentation



Wide World

Row on row of individual case histories of rats prove important facts to dietitians

Same Effect on Humans—But if a rat lives longer on such a diet, is that any reason to suppose that human beings can do the same? Scientists have little doubt of it. Flattering or not, the rat is a laboratory animal whose system of nutrition is amazingly similar to that of human beings. Man is a little more responsive to the vitamin C content in food; except for this slight difference, men and rats are brother trenchermen. Where differences between the two species exist, the responsiveness of the human organism to nutritional improvement is greater than the rat's. Hence Doctor Sherman is confident that, if anything, his findings err on the side of understatement.

It takes three years for a diet experiment to be completed on a single rat. Its normal life cycle is one-thirtieth that of a human being. A three-year old rat is equivalent to a nonagenarian, about as rare as a ninety-year-old human. Two thousand rats were studied from birth to death in the long-term experiments Doctor Sherman reported on last week. Another 4,000 were carried through middle age.

How can human beings win those additional seven years of life to which Doctor Sherman's rats indicate they are entitled?

"For general purposes, increasing the proportion of milk in the diet should add to the length of life," he says. "The grain crops are still the staff of life of mankind in the great majority of countries, including our own. If even a moderate proportion is consumed in the so-called whole, or slightly milled, as distinguished from highly milled forms, this will usually insure ample intakes of phosphorus, iron, copper and manganese, and of vitamins B and E.

Milk Important—"The even more important liberality of intake of calcium and vitamins A, C and G is easily and economically secured by taking a moderately high percentage of the needed calories in the form of milk, fruit, vegetables and eggs. Milk supplies all four of the chemical factors just mentioned. Fruits, generally, vegetables as a group, and eggs may each be regarded as a fairly good source of some two of the four factors."

With the generally accepted belief that longevity is a matter of picking the right parents Doctor Sherman has only a slight quarrel. He admits the importance of heredity, but is convinced that the average person has it within his power to increase his life span if he wants to by adopting the dietary principles explained above. Doctor Sherman himself is sixty-one, an ardent milk-drinker, finds his chief gastronomic problem a temptation to overconsumption.

A trip through his Columbia University laboratory (he is Executive Head of the Chemistry Department) quickly disabuses the visitor of any possible notion that Doctor Sherman's dietary discoveries are the result of casual experiment. In a series of card-indexes are kept the life histories of each of his 65,000 rats, of which all but a few hundred have passed on to their experimental reward. He can tell you in a minute, for instance, that No. 56,193 was mated to No. 55,934, that the latter bore forty-seven offspring, that she was fed on diet No. 63 and died October 3, 1933.

Rat Illness—Two fears plague the rat guardians: (1) their charges may catch cold, (2) they may become hosts to parasites. A possible (but uneventuated) mass attack of bedbugs and cockroaches horrifies laboratory attendants. To thwart the venturesome insects, the stands on which the rat-cages rest have their legs immersed in saucers of oil. Four times a year each rat gets a bath in a lysol solution with a tooth-brush as a scrubbing implement. The animals don't take to the bath too kindly, but rarely bite the hand that kneads them. Like the cat, the rat has a pliable tongue to keep its coat in order.

What do Doctor Sherman's sanitary rats die from? "Everything," he says, with a smile, adding that the causes of death are as varied as with human beings. He has had quite a time persuading Columbia pathologists, who have troubles of their own, to conduct autopsies on his

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Dr. Henry Sherman: diet increased life of his rats . . . should do same for humans, he holds

deceased charges. Only 200 post-mortems have been completed thus far, an inadequate number for any scientific conclusions.

When a rat succumbs without benefit of pathologists, the cadaver is removed to the department crematory and its ashes are analyzed for calcium content and other dietetic clues. The Columbia animals, like those of most U. S. laboratories, hailed originally from the famed Wistar rattery at the University of Pennsylvania. There the business of breeding albino rats is scientifically standardized, the product card-indexed, cataloged, pedigreed. Once a family strain is established in a college laboratory, normal increase supplies all needs, occasionally gives rise to a "pigs is pigs" dilemma.

Substantiated—Doctor Sherman is by no means alone in believing that human beings are entitled to live longer; his novel contribution is a cold laboratory formula for longevity. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, agreed last week that the average length of human life could be stretched ten years if adequate advantage were taken of available medical knowledge. He foresees a reduction in heart-disease deaths arising out of the present campaign to eradicate syphilis, a nation-wide drive in which Doctor Parran is the moving spirit.

Average life span of men is to-day sixty-one years, women sixty-four years. Eighty years ago these figures were thirty-eight and forty years, respectively. Life insurance actuaries calculate that a newborn male may expect to live 55.33 years.

Drink Heavy Water—A bit on the Wellsian side, but with an intriguing basis of scientific fact, is the recent statement of Dr. James E. Kendall of Edinburgh University that men and women will soon be able to add ten years to their lives by drinking heavy water—that is, water with an overweight hydrogen atom, discovery of which won the Nobel Prize for Prof. Harold C. Urey, Doctor Sherman's Columbia coworker.

"Heavy water would behave in the system like ordinary water a few degrees lower in temperature," Doctor Kendall explained. "In other words, a person drinking heavy water would be living only half as fast as a person drinking ordinary water."

But heavy water is costly, available only in limited laboratory quantities. For the individual gunning for those extra ten years of buoyant life, Doctor Sherman's milk, fruits and vegetables seem to be the most available ammunition.

CHEMISTS MEET: Nation's Scientists Gather to Discuss Latest Developments in Field

All this week, the campus of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill swarmed with the highest-powered chemical brains of the country. Two thousand chemists, gathered for the ninety-third meeting of the American Chemical Society, dined and danced and listened to 400 papers read by men who will spend a good part of the $250,000,000 that industry is investing in research this year.

Symposia devoted to vitamins, plastics, dipole moments, rubber, high polymers, aqueous solutions of non-electrolytes and a score of other chemical specialties brought forth such oddments of new-found knowledge as these:

Eating fats neither causes goiter nor aggravates existing goiter.

Halitosis in lard, gelatin, liquid foods, can be cured by treating them with activated carbon, which absorbs undesired tastes and odors.

Good butter tastes that way because it contains 1/3135th of an ounce of diacetyl to the pound. Dr. B. W. Hammer of Iowa State College tracked down the bacteria which produce diacetyl, and now dairymen can put the bugs to work producing preferred flavors.

A man buying a Zeppelin can now have it covered with a varnish seventy times as efficient in preventing gas diffusion as rubber coating.

Immature Lima beans are as rich as orange juice in vitamin C. When the baby beans grow up they lose a few C vitamins, but still compare favorably with tomatoes and green peas.

The diffusion of a cubic inch of gas which takes 100,000 years to pass through solid metal can be measured by a canny chemist.

Numerous Papers—So numerous were the technical papers that the meeting had to break up into specialized sections to hear them all. The chemist who has spent thirty years studying rubber so golf balls will fly farther has little in common with the expert who reported on a One-Hour Hydrolysis of Finger-Nail Clippings.

The burgeoning of chemistry into the vast industry it has become is a phenomenon which dates approximately from the time of the World War. It is a relatively new science, its modern foundations dating from the Revolutionary War period. To-day, the chemical industry is the largest single supporter of research, is pouring money into laboratories once more after marking time during the depression. Most of this week's meetings had to do with fostering industrial progress.

Singularly appropriate was the selection of a Southern city for a chemical convention, for chemistry is rapidly making over the South, displacing cotton from its agricultural dominance. Farm chemurgy — which means putting chemistry to work for the farmer — has advanced a four-point program which is expected to result in an output of new Southern crop products of an annual value of $1,250,000,000.

These four chemurgic industries are: (1) The building of Agrol plants utilizing starch and sugar crops for producing a blending constituent adaptable to motor fuel. At Atchison, Kansas, the Farm Chemurgic Council has erected an alcohol plant which is pointing the way. (2) Starch plants utilizing the sweet potato. (3) Kraft and newsprint paper-mills. (4) Tung tree plantings; oil for paint and varnish are extracted from the tree.

Sweet Potatoes to Adhesive — It is estimated that 25,000,000 acres will be required to supply the organic raw materials for these four chemurgic industries. Already, at Laurel, Mississippi, a plant is making adhesives out of sweet potatoes, as well as high quality laundry starch and sizing for paper and yarn.

Kraft paper has been made in Southern mills for some time, but the Southern pine contains objectionable resins which made it unsuitable for use in papers of higher quality. Thanks to the chemical research of Dr. Charles A. Herty of Savannah, Georgia, methods of using Southern pine for high-grade paper were devised, and last week plans for a $5,000,000 newsprint plant in Texas were announced. Slash pine can be grown in from seven to fifteen years, as compared to forty to sixty years required in northern regions, and Doctor Herty estimates that the cost of making paper in the South will be $27 a ton, as compared to $47 a ton in the principal producing areas at present.

Cellulose, the fibrous structure of trees and plants, is a substance with which chemistry has performed some of its most successful conjuring stunts. A cellulose solution extruded through a round hole becomes a thread of rayon; squeezed through a thin slit, it emerges as cellophane. Cellulose is used in medicines, textiles and food products in hundreds of different guises. It exists in almost limitless quantities in nature, but the problem has been to extract the pure fiber economically.

Liquid Out—Early this month, Matthew J. Stacom, President of a Long Island lumber company, showed how the trick could be done. He has developed a machine capable of producing pressures up to 140,000 pounds per linear inch, far beyond anything ever attained commercially. In action, the Stacom machine is a wringer which squeezes all the liquids out of plants and trees, leaving the cellulose fibers in a practically pure state. The process is said to be simpler and less expensive than that devised by Herty.

Medicine is one of the most significant divisions of modern chemistry; to a large extent, in fact, medicine is applied chemistry. Chemists have synthesized many of the hormones and some of the vitamins which keep the human factory functioning. The most important medical paper read at this week's chemical convention was presented by a German, Dr. Heinrich Hoerlein, Director of the chemotherapeutic laboratory of the vast I. G. Farbenindustrie at Elberfeld am Wupper.

Doctor Hoerlein talked about the disodium salt of 4'-sulfoanomido-phenyl-azo-1-oxy-7-acetylaminol naphthalene-3,

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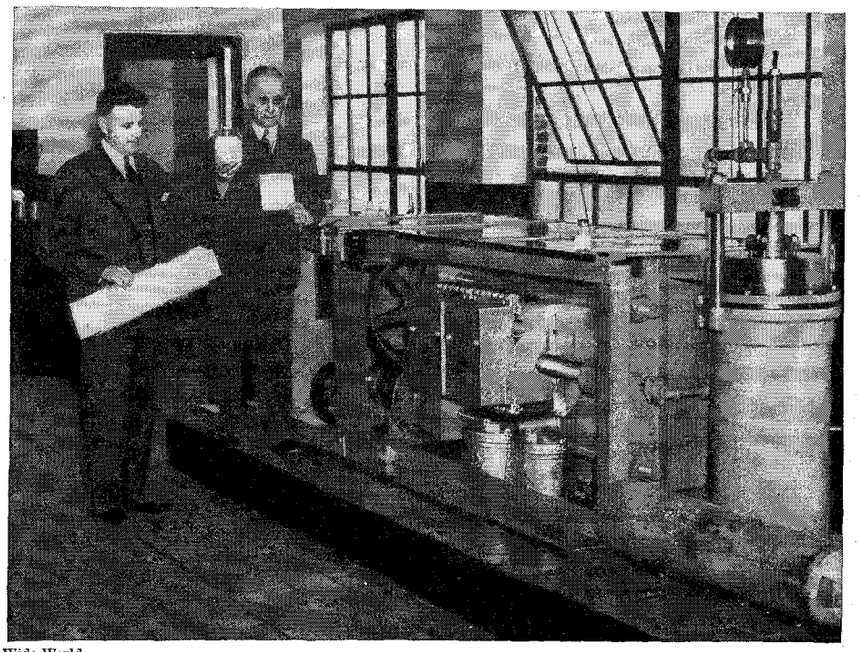

Wide World

Dr. Harry Ulman and Matthew J. Stacom demonstrate their machine capable of extracting cellulose—tool of chemistry—from plants and trees under tremendous pressure

6-sulfonic acid. This red dye, under the name prontosil, made head-lines last winter when it was used to cure a streptococcic throat infection suffered by Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. Since then, doctors have experimented with it further, have found it amazingly effective in treating certain types of peritonitis, suppurative mastoiditis, middle ear infections, erysipelas, scarlatina, puerperal fever, septic sore throat.

Internal Antiseptic—Prontosil apparently comes close to being the long-sought ideal internal antiseptic; that is, a chemical which can kill disease germs without injuring bodily tissues. Prontosil has a special antagonism for the hemolytic streptococcus germ, a round virulent organism which causes plenty of trouble in the human system. An injection of prontosil, which looks like nothing so much as red ink, travels through the patient, disinfects the blood stream, vanquishes obstreperous streptococci. A second form of the drug, made into tablets which can be taken by mouth, is known as prontylin. Both are life-savers of the utmost importance, but are suitable only in cases of streptococcic infection.

Not Doctor Hoerlein, who read this week's paper, but Prof. G. Domagk, a German cancer specialist, was the man who developed prontosil. Domagk showed that a curious red dye prepared by two German chemists, Mietzch and Klarer, was able to cure mice infected with the deadly streptococcus of puerperal fever. Doctor Hoerlein became interested, took the dye to the Royal Society and inspired further investigations.

Last November, the first U. S. paper on prontosil was presented by Dr. Perrin Long of Johns Hopkins before the Southern Medical Association. Interest in the new treatment swept the medical profession, stepped up sales 50 per cent. when the dramatic Roosevelt cure caught the layman's attention.

Sales Quicken—Since then, the Winthrop Chemical Company, which manufactures prontosil and prontylin in the U. S. as American licensee of the German I. G. Farbenindustrie, has been unable to keep a stock on hand. Shipments from the factory are immediately used in filling orders. Both prontosil and prontylin are coal-tar products. Curiously enough, the public generally attaches a stigma to the term "coal-tar." Nobody seems to know exactly why, tho it is possible that the use of dyes in cheap candies has something to do with it.

Another recent success of medical chemistry is the discovery of how maggots are able to heal certain obstinate wounds. During the World War, surgeons began to use live maggots in treating cases of chronic bone disease. Somehow the maggots promoted healing where all other methods failed. Chemistry probed into the problem, discovered that the secret of the maggot's healing power lay in an excretion containing allantoin, an organic chemical compound. Following the trail further, the chemical detectives learned that allantoin yields urea on decomposition, and that pure urea has the same healing action as allantoin, and is much cheaper.

So to-day physicians use weak solutions of urea to cure diabetic and varicose ulcers, carbuncles, infected burns, osteomyelitis; and it can even be taken internally under proper medical control to treat ulcers of the stomach and internal irritations. All because chemists took the trouble to find out how a maggot operated its drug factory.

CLUES TO CANCER: Ten "Golden Rules" for Detection of Disease Are Worked Out

Chief weapon in fighting cancer is early detection of malignancy. Surgery, radium, X-rays can cure many cancers when the diagnosis is made in early stages. Delay in detecting cancer gives it time to spread and for dreaded metastasis—migration to other tissues than the original site—to take place.

To aid in early diagnosis and cut the toll of the nation's second greatest killer, the American Society for the Control of Cancer has issued "ten golden rules for cancer-examination." Positive finding of any of the symptoms listed in the decalog does not necessarily mean that cancer is present, but their presence indicates the advisability of a visit to a specialist, a surgeon or a radiologist.

The ten golden rules follow:

(1) Examine the lips, tongue, cheek, tonsils and pharynx for persistent ulcerations, the larynx for hoarseness, and the lungs for persistent cough.

(2) Examine the skin of the face, body and extremities for scaly bleeding warts, black moles and unhealed scars.

(3) Examine every woman's breast for lumps or bleeding nipples.

(4) Examine the subcutaneous tissues for lumps on the arms, legs and body.

(5) Investigate any symptoms of persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing. Palpate the abdomen.

(6) Examine the lymph-node system for enlargement of the nodes of the neck, groin or armpit.

(7) Examine the uterus for enlargement, lacerations, bleeding or new growths.

(8) Examine the rectum and determine the cause of any bleeding or pain.

(9) Examine the urine microscopically for the presence of blood.

(10) Examine the bones and take a radiograph of any bone which is the seat of a boring pain, worse at night.

These recommendations are not intended, of course, for self-analysis; only a physician is competent to apply them. They are intended as a guide and aid to laymen who want a complete general physical examination to reveal the possible presence of early cancer when it is still a curable disease. A cancer will rarely escape detection if the ten golden rules of examination are observed.

SCIENCE SNAPS

Tears—The onion and the garlic, long social exiles, have at last found friends. Scientists working at the University of Southern California have discovered germ-killing powers in the very chemicals that bring tears to the eyes. The germ-killer from onions is allyl aldehyde, that from garlic is the less poisonous crotonic aldehyde. Tests are now under way to determine their usefulness in combating diseases caused by germs.

* * *

Ring—Human teeth, much like trees, have birth rings in them, according to Dr. Isaac Schour of the Illinois College of Dentistry. This neonatal ring is said to be a "definite biological landmark in the history of the individual." Other marks on the teeth, the significance of which are not yet understood, are being investigated by Doctor Schour.

* * *

Camouflage—Experiments at the University of Minnesota led to the discovery that the sirups of cacao (chocolate) and raspberry are the most popular and effective flavoring agents for killing an unpleasant taste. Next are sirups of orange, cherry, sarsaparilla and citric acid. Raspberry disguises bitter tastes best; cinnamon disguises salty tastes best.

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ELEPHANTS STEAL JUNGLE PICTURE

Lad From India Also Makes Hit in Adaptation of Kipling Story

Robert Flaherty, once star pupil at the Michigan School of Mines, sank his directorial shaft into India for his newest film, "Elephant Boy," and, like Evalyn Walsh MacLean's father, struck it rich.

The first picture to be adapted from the late Rudyard Kipling's many jungle stories —this one comes from "Toomai of the Elephants"—was fine film material in the hands of Flaherty, who treated it with understanding reverence, letting the simple tale unfold with some of the most thrilling photography that has lighted a screen in many a month.

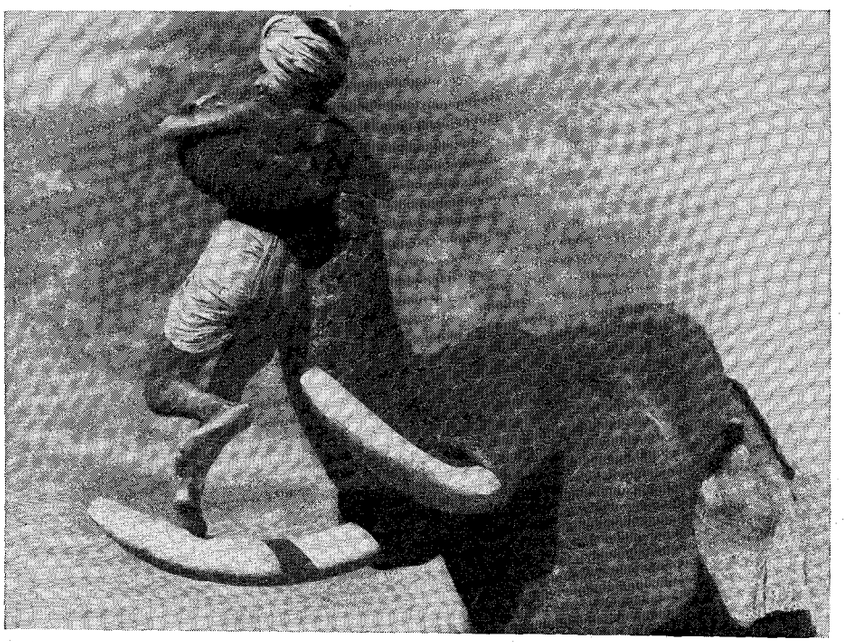
Native Scene—As in his past remarkable pictures ("Nanook of the North," "Moana" and "Tabu"), Flaherty journeyed to the native scene to film the major portion of his sequences. There, with a cast composed mostly of natives, he and his Associate Director, Zolton Korda (brother of the film's producer, Alexander Korda), spent nearly two years getting their most exciting sequence—a stampeding herd of wild elephants.

There, too, he found the player for the title rôle, twelve-year-old Sabu, who plays *Toomai* enchantingly. With a pair of expressive brown eyes, shiny as marbles, and an Elisabeth Bergner accent, the young *mahout* turns out to be about the only child actor who can not be described as "cute."

The Story—The story centers around *Toomai*, who, more than anything else in the world, wants to be a hunter when he grows up, like the four paternal generations that preceded him. News comes to the village that *Petersen* (Walter Hudd), a famous English hunter, is going into the jungle to capture a herd. After pleadings and promises, *Toomai* is allowed to join the hunt. At the first encampment, *Toomai's* father is killed by a prowling tiger. *Kala Nag*, the elephant, with more impassioned grief than many a Hollywood hero or heroine is capable of expressing, bellows his sorrow at his master's death. It is decided to send *Toomai* back to his home village and turn the elephant over to another driver, known for his cruelty. With *Toomai* gone, and after a beating from his new master, the huge elephant breaks his binding chains, charges and tramples the man who beat him. For this, *Petersen* rules, *Kala Nag* must be shot.

In the dead of night, *Toomai* leaves the camp with his father's elephant, wanders deeper into the jungle. There, in true Kipling style, they come upon an enormous herd, which the rest of the party had despaired of ever finding. The work of capture proceeds, with *Toomai* and *Kala Nag* emerging as heroes.

Flaherty has made this many-times-told tale rise like a feather above all the preceding animal pictures. The entire cast is excellent, but the elephants steal the show.



The Elephant Boy: Sabu and his elephant pal find time for play in thrilling drama of jungle

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by The Literary Digest Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The King and the Chorus-Girl"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"Seventh Heaven"; "Fire Over England"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

MME. CONTI: Boy-Meets-Bullet Theme Supplants Boy-Meets-Girl in New Play

"Young Madame Conti" is a fragile little importation that swept into New York on the spring-tide of unimportant dramatic offerings. Adapted by Benn W. Levy and Hubert Griffith from Bruno Frank's original German, it attempts to prove that a play can be written without the familiar Boy-Meets-Girl theme. Playwright Frank chose Boy-Meets-Bullet, embellished by the novel theme that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

Mme. Conti is a woman of easy virtue, victim, alas, of a marriage undertaken to save the old homestead, which turned out all wrong. Eventually she falls in love with one *Stephan Horka*. It is the only Real Thing that has ever happened in her life. But when she discovers he has used her affection solely as a means to keep himself in funds, *Mme. Conti* introduces her lover to a bullet.

Theme—The theme is developed through the device of a court-room trial. *Mme. Conti* is first introduced in her home, threatening to shoot *Horka*, when a quick fade-out takes the play before the bench. There the story of her life is unfolded while she is being tried for *Horka's* murder.

As she refuses to testify in her own defense, the *President Judge's* son plunges to her aid, assures the court that *Horka* was a cad. His effort accomplishes nothing, save terminating his college career and blasting his immediate future.

Despite her beauty, *Mme. Conti* is convicted. Then another fade-out which takes the audience back into *Mme. Conti's* charming drawing-room.

There, for half an hour by an inaccurate clock, *Mme. Conti* has been living through the consequences she must face if she decides to shoot *Horka*. *Horka* arrives, and shoot him she does.

Aside from a stunning performance by Constance Cummings as *Mme. Conti*, the play offers little in the way of entertainment, acting or writing. But that Miss Cummings could surmount such handicaps is a tribute to her acting. The rest of the cast, with two exceptions, manage their parts with considerably less skill than the blonde, handsome leading lady. The exceptions are William Dewhurst as the *President Judge*, and Dorothy Dewhurst as a wardress.

TEXTILE MAGIC: The Modern Designer Taps Fields From World Events to Chemistry

Time was when all a textile designer had to know was the rudiments of turning out an attractive pattern.

To-day, in a thoroughly packed field, he must be a superspecialist, thoroughly versed in art, chemistry, economics and even world affairs.

For design in any category, and particularly in the textile field, is an accurate, mirrored reflection of the age in which it functions. And textile patterns can afford to be only a minor quarter beat behind

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front-page head-lines. Last week, for example, designers were working as feverishly as British Cabinet Ministers toward next month's Coronation.

Few free-lance designers can overcome conditions imposed by modern machinery and fast mass production. It takes a design studio—a small edition of a factory—equipped with half a dozen or more fresh-minded designers, and some thirty to fifty artists who carry out the detail work, to supply the maw of the textile market with enough to satisfy its appetite of 100,000 designs a year.

Chemistry—Studios have their special designers for each type of fabric. A delicate floral creation in soft pastel tones will take perfectly on a high grade of pure silk satin. But the same design would look like an anemic blur on a cotton voile, and on a synthetic fabric (rayon or acetate) it would print up as subtly as the Stars and Stripes. That is where a knowledge of chemistry is not only important but imperative. The devious printing-processes change the color values of an original design, and a designer must know how far from his original the finished product is going to stray.

Specialized, too, is the functional end of each design. What will be appropriately perfect for a cotton culotte is scarcely the design for a fragile evening gown. Stout women can not—altho they often try—wear the same splashy prints that becomingly adorn a willowy sylph. Cruise clothes patterns differ from city clothes designs as widely as summer and winter patterns vary. Children must have far more simple designs especially planned for them than those their elders wear.

Specialists—Designers find it more practical to become specialists in any one of these niches, leaving the others for other specialists to scramble over. When a fabric house calls a studio to present twenty-five designs covering all types of materials and uses, it must be prepared to submit four or five times that number for final selection. All of which goes to make a free-lance artist's existence about as secure as a canoe in a typhoon.

Textile designs in this country started less than fifty years ago. Until then, the huge and prosperous fabric industry was under the benighted impression that only Europe, and particularly Paris, could create patterns fit for reproduction. In 1895, Robert Schey, an artist from Vienna, exposed the fallacy. After studying under Prof. Joseph Hoffman, first modern proponent of industrial art, at Vienna's *Wiener-Erkstaette*, Schey came to New York and started the first design-studio here, which grew into the prosperous and respected position it holds to-day.

Infant Industry—Schey was midwife as well as father to an infant industry that snatched from Europe its seemingly safe monopoly. Not only 80 per cent. of all designs for American fabrics are now created here, but American designers are slowly but firmly wedging into foreign textile fortresses.

Schey analyzes this sturdy growth thus: (1) America moves swiftly, and so does its buying public. It wants a constant supply of fresh ideas which European designers do not supply in sufficient quantity. (2) Americans cater to the masses, while Europe until recently let the masses limp along as best they could, believing that the profits were to be had only from the wealthy. (3) American designers keep a much more sensitive finger on the public pulse, which beats in tune to its economic and political conditions, as well as its newspaper stories.

News goes farther to create trends—which all designers admit are accidents and not planned campaigns—than any other source. But not all news will lend itself to designs.

Simpson Trend—Remotely, *l'affaire Simpson* lent itself to a trend. There were, and still are, constant demands for coiffures and clothes in the manner of the lady who won a King. A popular fabric with a dark background, sprinkled with bright-colored circles the size of a quarter composed of letters spelling "I LOVE YOU," flooded the midwinter market. Edward VIII also contributed to another fad—the stylish Dalmatian note—after his Adriatic junket of last summer.

President Roosevelt's South American trip is responsible, say designers, for the vivid, warm, Spanish and peasant influence that is to-day's high style.

Of all the designs that have been printed through the centuries, flowers consistently form half of each year's crop. But even in this field, designers say, flowers must keep step with the times. This is an impressionistic age, and flowers in successful prints are far from accurate, realistic copies of the originals. Rather, they are bright daubs and splashes of color suggesting roses or jonquils, and right now they must convey that spring-like feeling.

Geometric—The rest of the prints are divided pretty evenly between geometric and novelty designs. In the geometric category, polka-dots, stripes, checks, plaids and simple prints in squared or triangular patterns are included.

The reputation of a designer and the quality of the material for which his work is intended determine the price of a design. The average rate for a good silk will be $50, but it ranges as high as $125. Cotton designs cost on the average about $40, range between $25 and $85. Polka-dots and simple checks are not salable, because textile printers use the same dyes year after year and can count on printing a certain amount of both staples each season.

Designers sell their products outright. Many years ago, they tried marketing designs for smaller fees, plus royalty privileges, but that proved completely unsatisfactory, as there was no way of getting an accurate count of how many yards were printed without having hundreds of scouts with yardsticks in mills all over the country.

Registered—Designs for silk and its many man-manufactured imitations are registered and kept safe from copyists through the National Federation of Textiles. Cotton designers have no such reliable protection. With them it is a combination of dog-eat-dog among the less established studios, and a point of honor in the more reputable houses.

Every designer admits, more or less candidly, that no design is really new. Each studio possesses and carefully guards a well-indexed library which serves as a well-spring of ideas. Many of them go back more than a century and contain samples of textiles that were successful several generations ago.

Courtesy Evelyn Bonham and Robert Schey Studios

Textiles keep modern this spring with novel designs . . . including a host of flowered prints . . . geometric patterns

CONRADIAN THRILLS:

Old Full-Rigger Sails Cadets to Romance on Seven Seas

"What bottle did you crawl out of?"

From a dozen sides, jeering modern steamers queried the *Joseph Conrad*, lone survivor of the dying line of full-rigged ships, pounding her way from Denmark to England. But Capt. Alan Villiers paid no attention. He had an ambition, and he wasn't going to be dissuaded by the catcalls of comfort-loving landlubbers. His plan was to gather a select handful of young boys for a two-years' cruise around the world—under full sail. He didn't really want the boys' company, he wanted the money their passage would bring.

Fact is, the boys were necessary, for Alan Villiers wasn't a rich man. He'd managed to find the boat he wanted at a price he could afford to pay. So he hurried to England to search for the boys who could make the trip possible.

The *Joseph Conrad*, formerly a training ship for the Danish Navy under the name

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HOW LONG DISTANCE RATES HAVE BEEN CUT AS THE RESULT OF 8 REDUCTIONS IN RECENT YEARS:

RATES FOR 3-MINUTE DAYTIME CALLS *		Station-to-Station		Person-to-Person	
From	To	January 15, 1926	Jan. 15, 1937	January 15, 1926	Jan. 15, 1937
Baltimore	Philadelphia	$ .65	$ .50	$ .80	$ .70
Cincinnati	Detroit	1.55	.90	1.90	1.25
Buffalo	Toledo	1.70	.95	2.10	1.30
Boston	Washington	2.40	1.25	3.00	1.65
Chicago	Little Rock	3.40	1.65	4.25	2.20
Atlanta	Kansas City	4.30	2.00	5.35	2.65
Denver	Seattle	6.60	3.00	8.25	4.00
Dallas	New York	8.80	4.00	11.00	5.25
Chicago	San Francisco	11.90	5.00	14.85	6.75
New York	Los Angeles	15.65	6.25	19.55	8.50

* Night and all-day Sunday rates are still lower.

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Georg Stage, sailed toward England. Gradually, as one ship after another hailed her, the hoot of "What bottle did you crawl out of?" changed to a nostalgic: "Is that the *Georg Stage?*" Villiers answered, "Yes," and pious Danish captains, trained on the old *Georg Stage*, stood disbelieving—that couldn't be the training-ship they knew, not 300 miles from her home port.

Once the queries were over and the *Joseph Conrad* cast anchor in English waters, Villiers hustled to round up his cadet sailors. To his disappointment, they didn't grow on trees. Rich parents had other plans for their adolescent sons. The crew was no easier to bag. Thirtyish Alan Villiers didn't want any officers or hands of forty or fifty striding his decks. Finally, on October 22, 1934, the *Joseph Conrad*, with eight cadets, eight passengers to America and a crew of fifteen, set sail on a projected two-year circling of the globe.

Ports of the World—Plan of voyage: From England to New York, then south to Rio de Janeiro, over to Africa and around Cape Horn. After Africa, a straight drive to Singapore, a plunge to Australia and off across the Pacific, around the tip of South America and up the coast to New York.

That voyage, on an initial outlay of $500, was completed on a cold mid-October day in 1936. Because Alan Villiers ruled with an iron hand, eight sons of the idle rich caused no serious trouble. Chief difficulty, constantly recurring, was the lack of money for emergencies, provisions and wages. First dent in the *Conrad's* treasury: Fresh from her run to New York, the *Conrad* hit the stone bulwark of Brooklyn's Bay Ridge shore, stove a hole in her side, and waited impatiently for her frantic captain to get her to a shipyard for repairs. Cost of this accident—$10,000 that had to come from the slim reserve Villiers had left hopefully in England.

Flying Fish Aboard—Hull repaired, the *Conrad* headed south for Rio de Janeiro. A shoal of misguided flying fish flew on board ship and straight into the cook's frying-pan. The cadets, in a calm sea, went rowing in the midst of an unsuspecting flock of albatrosses. With fish-bait and alacrity, the boys picked up the largest albatross, attempted to cart him back to the ship. Immediately the bird became sick, threw up the salt pork it had been trapped with, and was allowed to escape.

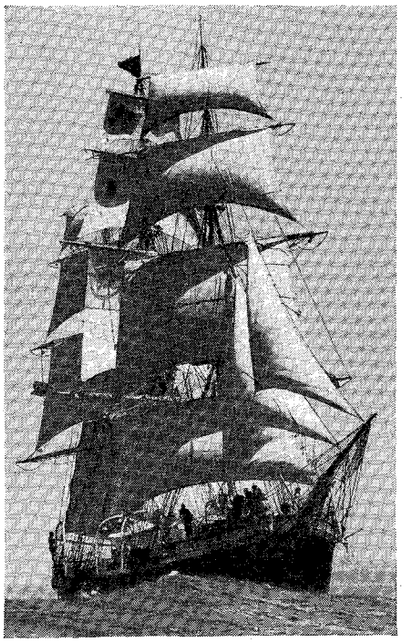
Half across the world journeyed the 100-foot, 212-ton ship, with little trouble beyond the inevitable sea storms and doldrums, on to the Straits Settlements and the tourists' paradise—Bali (LITERARY DIGEST, April 10). A native Chamber of Commerce greeted the ship's party; agreed, for a price, to pilot them over the island. Fee for watching Balinese dancing was extra—and the *Conrad* men gladly paid it.

Amorous Cadet—For some of the cadets, this was just gravy. Great was the disgust of Captain Villiers when he discovered one of his wealthy young gentlemen had taken the trip only to meet as many native women as he could. At Bali they carted him ashore and off for six months flat on his back because he had contracted a disease from one of the native women.

The cost of hospitalizing the patient and shipping him home was a straw to break the slender back of the expedition's finances. By the time Villiers had paid medical costs and renewed his ship insurance, he was minus another $5,000, and pretty desperate.

For the moment, there was no financial ease for the weary. Heading south for Australia the young cadets were thrilled by boarding a derelict—the gutted hull of a Japanese tramp steamer. In the water-soaked hold of the wreck, they encountered giant crabs that scattered at their approach, and strange fish that swam luminously in the water.

Native Thrillers—Off the shore of Borneo, adventure came when the sailing ship anchored off the island of Balimbing and went ashore. Over the island the cadets and sailors trudged, and at night, after a heavy meal of ripe bananas, honey, coconuts and large sea-bird eggs, the party returned to the *Conrad*, stuffed to the gills. In a few moments it was lights out, and silence descended over the boat. Sud-



Winds of seven seas billowed the sails of the Joseph Conrad, with her gallant young crew

denly the watchman reported that several boats were approaching. Then, limned by bobbing flash-lights, revolver in hand, the King of the island boarded the ship and made his way to the sleeping, unsuspecting English youth, Stanley Goodchild, called "Stormalong" by his companions. When Villiers hurried on deck, the native chief was surveying the boy, gun still in hand, with a tremendous grin on his face.

Then the interpreter stepped in to relieve the tension. The King, he explained, liked the boy very much; as a matter of fact, so much he wanted him for a white son-in-law. Would the young man care to stay and marry the adolescent daughter of the King? Fifteen-year-old "Stormalong" roused himself from sleep to shout: "It's an insult!"

Persuasion Wins—It took all the Captain's tact to persuade the angered native the youngster didn't mean any trouble, but didn't want to marry the native beauty.

The *Conrad* sailed away from the island, went south to Australia and there met the major adventure of the trip—a treasure-hunting expedition. Once a cache of gold was safe in the hold, the *Conrad* crossed the Pacific, rounded the Horn and before the boys knew it, was back in New York. There, a saddened Alan Villiers sold the *Conrad*, waved good-by to the boys and crew and sat down to write the story of the cruise.

Cruise of the Conrad. By Alan Villiers. (New York: Scribners; $3.75.) 387 pages.

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Sponge Divers—"Rainbow High."—By Ralph Bates. (Dutton; $2.) A closely-knit story by the author of "The Olive Field" about a group of social outcasts—murderers, thieves, anarchists and madmen—who find work in Greece diving for sponges because that is the one place where no questions are asked about the past. Even for such men there is tragedy, and Ralph Bates makes the most of it in a book that does full justice to his talent and imaginative scope.

* * *

Children—"Another Here and Now Story Book."—By Lucy Sprague Mitchell and Coauthors. (Dutton; $2.) Successor to an honorable line of story-books called "The Here and Now Story Book" is this latest collection that gives stories for children between the ages of three and six. Not only are the stories delightful, but coupled with the introductory notes by Mrs. Mitchell, they become a valuable study in child growth.

* * *

Feminine Cavalcade—"The Years."—By Virginia Woolf. (Harcourt Brace; $2.50.) In this book, a far-famed woman author who ought to know better writes a completely meaningless story that keeps the despairing reader turning its pages only because it has a series of dates. What the book is about, beyond a family that never grows old but ought to, is impossible to decide.

* * *

Cherry Blossoms—"Japan's Feet of Clay."—By Freda Utley. (Norton; $3.75.) To Author Utley, the Japanese are a little race of bluffers who've achieved their present eminence by talking very loudly to a lot of scared nations. With considerable documentation, she backs up her belief, presenting the Japanese as half-starved peasants, given to working for about nothing a week and indulging in suicide to escape their unhappy lot.

* * *

Outpourings—"One Mighty Torrent."—Edgar Johnson. (Stackpole Sons; $3.50.) In the last four hundred years, a great many people have spent a great deal of time writing about the lives of their fellow men. Within the past ten years, biography has become a national reading habit. Now, Edgar Johnson examines for the first time this whole output, tells accurately how biography has been written for four centuries, and something of the men involved.

* * *

Southwest—"Spanish Trails to California."—By T. De La Rhue. (Caxton Printers; $2.50.) No romantic tale cluttered with mission Indians and kind *padres;* but a stern story that begins in turbulent Spain and ends 5,000 miles away in California. Story of the Lord Mayor of Malaga and a fellow grandee who battle across a wilderness to Mexico and the Southwest.

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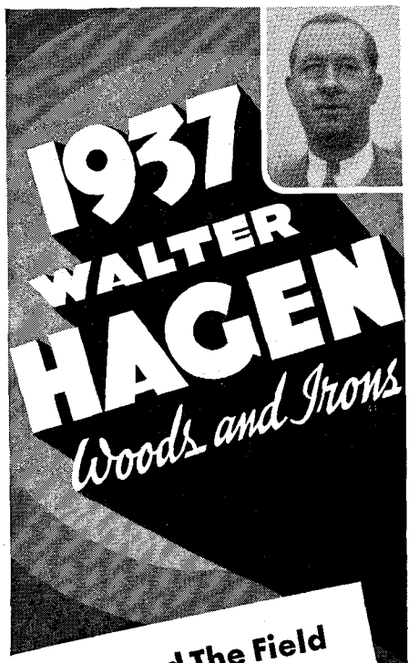

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American Ambassador Irons—stainless steel "Weight Concentrator" heads, Hagen chrome-finish spiral groove shafts. Set of 10—$9 each.

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Remember these Miss America models are specially built to fit the feminine requirements.

See your professional or dealer about the magnificent new Hagen line.

Hagen Models from $3.50 up.

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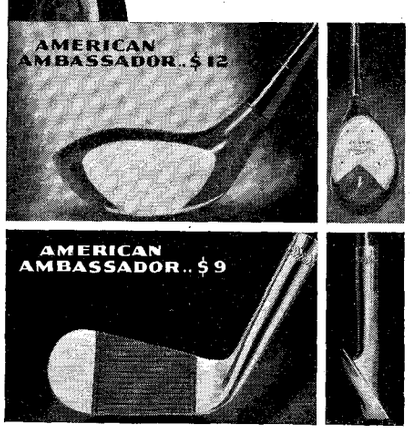


Floriculture

ROSE PRIEST: Father Schoener Develops Plant in Honor of Justice Holmes

Floriculture, like all other pursuits of the soil, has its assortment of group specialists who confine their efforts to a particular flower growth. Among them, the rosarians, or rose specialists, hold the most exalted rank. Last week, these patricians of the flower world paused in their annual spring planting to pay thanks to the dean of rosarians, Father George M. A. Schoener, California's *"Padre de las Rosas,"* who had just marked his seventy-fifth birthday.

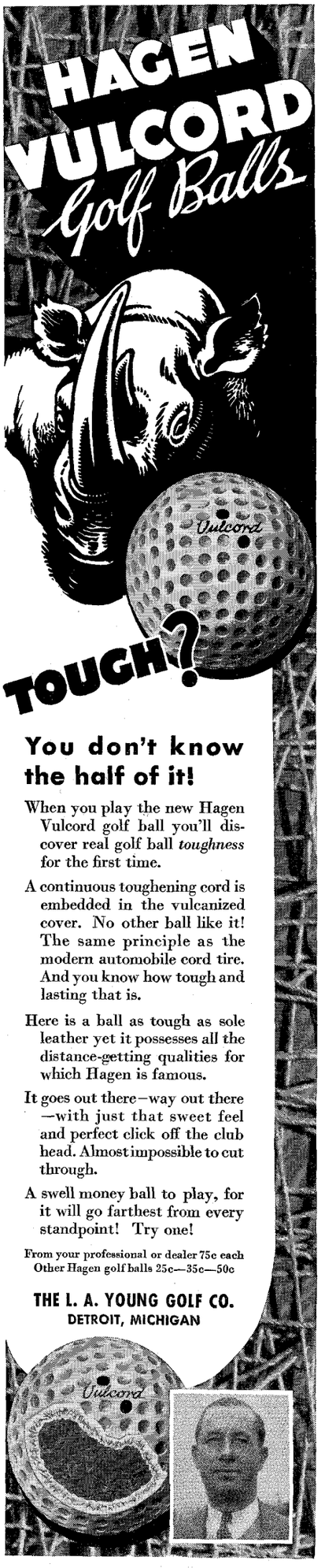
Breeder of the famed black rose, the blue rose and roses with edible fruit, Father Schoener spends his days in his tiny nursery-laboratory, tucked away in tropical-flowered Santa Barbara, puttering about his 2,500 plants, or greeting some of the thousands of tourists and rose-lovers who beat a path to his door from the ends of the earth.

Flower Magic—In this jungle of rose leaves and stems, Father Schoener has worked wonders of flower magic which have marked him as the foremost exponent of the Mendelian theory of plant life and evolution. There he crossed the Madame Caroline Testout with hybrid sweetbrier and obtained a double-flowered rose 8½ inches in diameter. He also crossed a rose with the Spitzenberg apple and produced a runt fruit with a peculiar rose flavor that makes good jelly. A blue rose he obtained first by treating the ground in which the roots grew with chemicals, working with white roses with bluish tints.

A prize accomplishment are roses that bloom 365 days of the year. Soon, he expects to produce roses without thorns. One of his triumphs was crossing a tame and wild rose. Experts said it couldn't be done. He did it by splicing a wild rose cutting and pollenizing the cutting's flower from a tame rose. "I worked at it from above and below," he chuckled last week. In a section of his garden devoted to gladiolus, he has evolved a bloom of this flower that is extra large and perfumed.

Black Rose—His black rose is perhaps the most remarkable of his creations. The flower is an extremely dark red, with a velvety black sheen. He named it after his friend, the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, had it growing for fifteen years in his garden before the public discovered it. Then it was sent north to the Portland, Oregon, rose show and won the gold medal and the name "black rose." Its weird color he obtained by carefully mating and re-mating roses with a tendency toward the blackish red.

But Father Schoener's plant magic hasn't stopped there. He also evolved a new race of tulips and new dahlias. In vegetables he developed a sugar pea with an edible pod 7 by 1½ inches, and peas as big as the thumb, the yield triple an ordinary crop. He crossed the Lima and wax bean for a big one with edible pod. Also he crossed the cherry with a plum for a fruit that can be dried like a plum but tastes like a cherry, and produced an apple with the flavor and color of an orange. Finding a natural hybrid of an Oregon blackberry with a large double flower, he crossed it with a raspberry for a double-sized vanilla-flavored



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A continuous toughening cord is embedded in the vulcanized cover. No other ball like it! The same principle as the modern automobile cord tire. And you know how tough and lasting that is.

Here is a ball as tough as sole leather yet it possesses all the distance-getting qualities for which Hagen is famous.

It goes out there—way out there—with just that sweet feel and perfect click off the club head. Almost impossible to cut through.

A swell money ball to play, for it will go farthest from every standpoint! Try one!

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berry. A hawthorn he produced with beautiful crimson fruit. More, he has experimented with prunes, apricots, plums, tulips, dahlias and nuts, both wild and cultivated.

All of this wizardry the plant world owes to the fact that illness routed the good *padre* out of his parish years ago and forced him to turn West for his health. Born in 1862 near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the son of a farmer of Swiss stock, he was sent to Europe at eight for more than twenty-years' study. There he delved in many natural sciences and had as teacher the great botanist, the Rev. Martin Gander. His class collected and classified 72,000 species of Alpine plants and here Father Schoener saw the Alpine wild roses which intensified his interest.

His garden and home, bought through a kindly citizen's flexible instalment plan, is a half acre in extent. He lives in a frame bungalow a block from the garden, but his greenhouse and gladiolus garden are on an adjoining lot.

The bungalow is littered with little square boxes like pill-boxes, in which he keeps pollen of his various breeds of roses. He grasps a box and trots for the garden. "I am not trying to produce freak roses," he says. "The rose I produce is incidental to the experiment in heredity I am performing."

Follows Mendel—The old *padre* predetermines, in strict accordance with Mendel's laws and according to his new findings with the aid of chemicals, what characteristics he wishes to make dominant and which recessive, and produces the desired results.

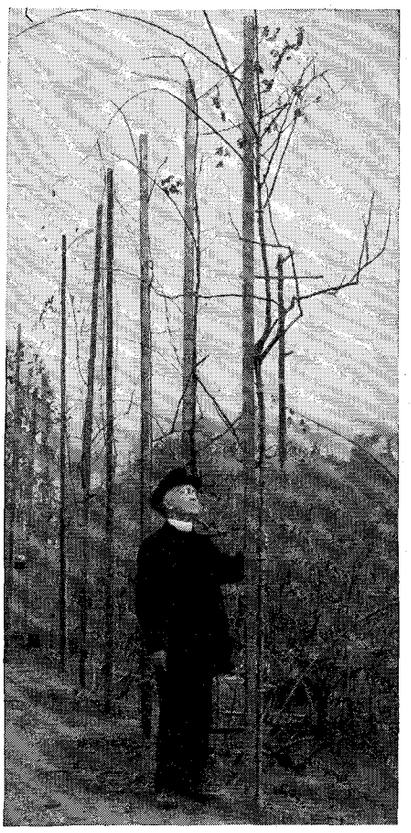
He fertilizes the roses when the "mother" is a plump bud, with the petals still tightly sealing the "innards" from natural fertilization. He rips off the tender petals, then the yellow stamens, opens the pill-box, and daubs a finger-tip with yellow powder. He smears the pollen against the rosebud stub.

"That's it," he says, adding with a twinkle: "Now I suppose you think there's nothing to it. Some of the roses from this seed will be like the 'mother' plant and some like the 'father.' One per cent. will be what I want—a concentration of both of them."

Technique—Behind the few minutes of work in which Father Schoener accomplishes a mating of strains that may result in a beautiful new rose, are patient hours of work. While his assistant does only the spade-work, he carefully examines thousands of flowers and plants. Just as an animal breeder does, he finds a plant with a tendency toward what he's after. He increases this tendency through careful mating.

This process involves watching carefully selected blossoms and plants, and collecting the pollen.

An especially mated bud is labeled, and the seeds afterward are carefully collected and sprouted. He "ages" them chemically in formaldehyde to increase the percentage that germinate. In nature some rose-seeds dry and never sprout. But packed in peat moss in tiny pots inside Schoener's chemical "ice-box" at a temperature of 35-40 degrees, they never dry out. From the ice-box they go to larger pots, and in the greenhouse are rows of green shoots sprouting from special mixtures of peat moss, sand and blood meal. Six to eight months later, the young plants leave the greenhouse for the garden.



"Padre of the Roses," Father George Schoener, applied Mendelian laws to create new blossoms

Religion

"IMITATION OF CHRIST":

Dispute Over Authorship Appears Near Settlement

The most widely read religious work after the Bible is the immortal "Imitation of Christ," which, in its 500 years, has been translated into fifty languages, has run through more than 6,000 editions. Consisting of counsel for the attainment of perfection, interlarded with prayers and colloquies between Christ and the devout soul, it is written in a spirit of profound piety, like a spiritual diary.

Next to its divine qualities, "Imitation of Christ" has gained fame through the ages by the fact that its authorship constitutes, excepting that of the Shakespearean works, the most monumental literary controversy in history. Increasing in acrimony by the year, the dispute has raged in religious orders, universities, even in the French Parliament. Between 1615 and 1837, no fewer than 150 works were devoted to the question in France alone. At least thirty-five writers were put forth as the author. The choice narrowed down to three—Thomas à Kempis, a Dutch mystic; Jean Charlier de Gerson, the great French Academician, and John Gerson, a Benedictine abbot of Vercelli; and finally the title was awarded to à Kempis.

Another Claimant—Last week, the controversy was reopened by the injection of another claimant to the distinguished authorship—Gerard Groote. On book-stands in the United States there appeared a small book entitled "The Following of Christ," by this author (American Press), which is reputed to be the original form of the "Imitation of Christ." The book is based on a manuscript found in the Lübeck (Holland) Library in 1921 by City Librarian Paul Hagan. Buried among manuscripts of the Sisters of Common Life, it was edited by James van Ginneken, internationally famous scholar, and translated over a period of fifteen years from the original Netherlandish texts by Father Joseph Malaise, of San Francisco.

This manuscript, work of the Dutch scholar and theologian Groote, when compared with the à Kempis editions, showed such a similarity of style and content that the editor-discoverers promptly pronounced it true evidence of Groote's authorship of the entire "Imitation of Christ." It has sixty chapters divided into three distinct groups or parts. The first group has twelve chapters and corresponds with Book Two of the à Kempis edition; the second and third group have twenty-two and twenty-six chapters respectively, and correspond with Book Four of the à Kempis work, except that this author added to it twelve chapters, seven prayers and several passages of his own.

Plagiarism?—In preparing the Lübeck script, which bore the title of "The Following of Christ," the editor and translator added à Kempis's Book One and Book Three, inasmuch as they contended à Kempis must have copied them from Groote manuscripts.

A comparison of the careers of the two men likewise convinced Groote supporters that à Kempis could not have written this great book. Groote, born in Deventer, in the Diocese of Utrecht, in 1340, was educated at Aachen, Paris, Cologne and Prague, grew up to be a handsome worthy. Possessed of independent means, he was not always a saintly man, enjoyed himself in the manner of many a worldly scholar of his time.

After versing himself in philosophy, theology, canon law, medicine, astronomy, Greek, Latin and Hebrew, he tired of the world at thirty, entered the Carthusian monastery at Munnikhuizen. Advised to devote himself to his talent for preaching, he left within three years, refusing ordination to the priesthood. As a pulpiteer his fame spread rapidly. Churches couldn't hold his followers. Vice was rampant, no small part of it among the clergy, and Groote crusaded against it. The clerics complained to the Bishop of Utrecht, who forthwith silenced the great orator.

Groote appealed to the Pope for redress, but died during the Great Plague in 1384 while in retirement at the monastery of Woudrichem. But before he passed away, he founded the Brethren of Common Life, which taught the children of the poor and spread all over Europe; also completed his spiritual writings, which are gems of religious literature. Some of them contain the teaching which is called the *Devotio Moderna* (the Modern Devotion or the New Devotion), of the "Imitation of Christ," which is the crux of the new form of ascetical teaching Groote originated.

Latin Scholar—À Kempis, on the other hand, was born in Kempen (after which he was named), about 1380. He was only twelve when he went to school with Gerard Groote's Brethren of Common Life. This fact alone, say Groote editors, should prove that à Kempis could not have obtained the worldly wisdom displayed in the writings accredited to him. However that may be, à Kempis was received into the order and

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was ordained a priest in 1413. Chief among his duties while at the monastery was to copy missals, breviaries and devotional manuals. One of the finest Latin scholars of his time, a poet and a great spiritual writer, he venerated the great Groote, wrote a life of him, was assigned to collecting and editing his numerous writings. Probably the fact that he is credited with writing the "Imitation of Christ" is due to the Latin translation he made of his fellow Dutchman's spiritual diary, giving it that title. Others, too, copied fragments of Groote's works, which were dispersed all over the Continent.

Last week, the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, Editor of the magazine *America* and American editor of "The Following of Christ," said: "I expect that quite a controversy will be raised over this publication, but I am positive that it will be eventually accepted as authoritative evidence of Groote's authorship of the disputed work."

QUAKERS MERGE: Peace-Loving Friends Bury Hatchet in Local Reunion

Quibbling theologians and fiery reformers have rent most of the world's great religions into unhealing schisms.

Buddhism has its greater and lesser vehicles. Islam and the Hindu religion embody many warring creeds. Almost since its founding, Christianity has been split first one way, then another, on questions of dogma, authority and behavior. Reunion of divided factions is rare.

Most conscientiously disturbed over division in their ranks have been the peace-loving Friends, who for the past 110 years have worshiped as irreconcilable Hicksite and Orthodox Quakers. Last week, they surprized other divided sects and made religious history by quietly approving the merger of two quarterly (district) meetings, pointing the way eventually toward a national reconciliation. The New York Yearly Meeting (Hicksite) approved the union of the Purchase (Westchester County), New York, quarterly meetings; the Orthodox Yearly Meeting will take similar action in May.

Together, Yet Apart—Tho Hicksite and Orthodox Quakers now worship together in scattered communities, the Purchase merger is the first official reconciliation of the two sects in a quarterly meeting. As such, it was hailed by leading Quakers as "a symptom of a slow movement toward eventual merging of the two groups on a national scale" (Prof. Henry J. Cadbury, of Harvard, Orthodox); "the culmination of a ten-year tendency toward unity" (Prof. Rufus M. Jones, Quaker authority and writer, of Swarthmore College).

The schism that separated the exponents of brotherly love and liberty of conscience came in 1827 over the uncompromising doubts of Farmer-Preacher Elias Hicks, of Long Island, and his followers about the divinity of Christ, the authenticity and divine authority of the Scriptures. Increasing Orthodox reliance on ministers in the traditionally leaderless, silent Quaker meetings widened the gap. Two meetings sprang up where only one had been before.

Cooperation of both groups with the American Friends Service Committee during the World War, however, brought them closer. Gradually, in Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, the yearly meetings arranged to gather at the same time for discussion of problems of mutual interest. In the past ten years, antagonism between the "Hicks" and the "Orths" has broken down with intermarriage. Also, as Clarence Pickett, Service Committee Chairman, said: "The growing criticism of religion in the world can not be met by religious groups which spend unnecessary time and energy on man's unreal division into sects, instead of concerning themselves with the needs of the world."

Agriculture

PEST MENACE: Grasshopper Dread Leads Farmers to Prepare for Insect War

Ten Midwestern States now face a menace to their prosperity, virtually their livelihood, as great if not more so than the droughts, dust-storms and kindred ills through which American farmers have battled valiantly in recent years.

For the next two months farm folk in those States will watch the weather with unusual care.

And here is why:

Billions upon billions of grasshoppers, capable of destroying thousands of square miles of growing crops, are hatching in the West.

Unless there is abnormally wet or cold weather this spring, these ancient enemies of the agriculturist may be expected to blanket the skies of the Midwest this summer, destroy nearly every growing thing in their path.

Danger Broadcast—Warning to the threatened farmers of Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois and Kansas was broadcast on April 6 by Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace.

Since last fall, entomologists of the Federal and State Departments of Agriculture have been aware that 1937 was likely to go into history as a " 'hopper year."

Grasshoppers lay their eggs underground and tests made by counting eggs dug up over given sections and thereby estimating totals per square mile were ominous in their densities as early as last autumn.

Some State authorities have gone so far as to warn against the greatest grasshopper menace "in modern times."

However, normal dry, warm weather is needed for young 'hoppers to mature into full grown, voracious destroyers. Cold or wet means death to billions, and at whatever risk to crop development, this is the sort of weather for which the threatened populations are praying now.

Defense—Naturally, modern agriculture is not without other defenses against the pests than the whims of an always too whimsical climate.

A "poison bran barrage" is the second best defense. In the event of killing weather, it helps mop up survivors. In any case, it kills scores of millions, particularly if used early in the season, when the insects start feeding.

These brans usually are compounded with calcium arsenate.

In addition to appropriations by States for the 'hopper war, Congress a few days ago authorized the spending of $2,000,000.

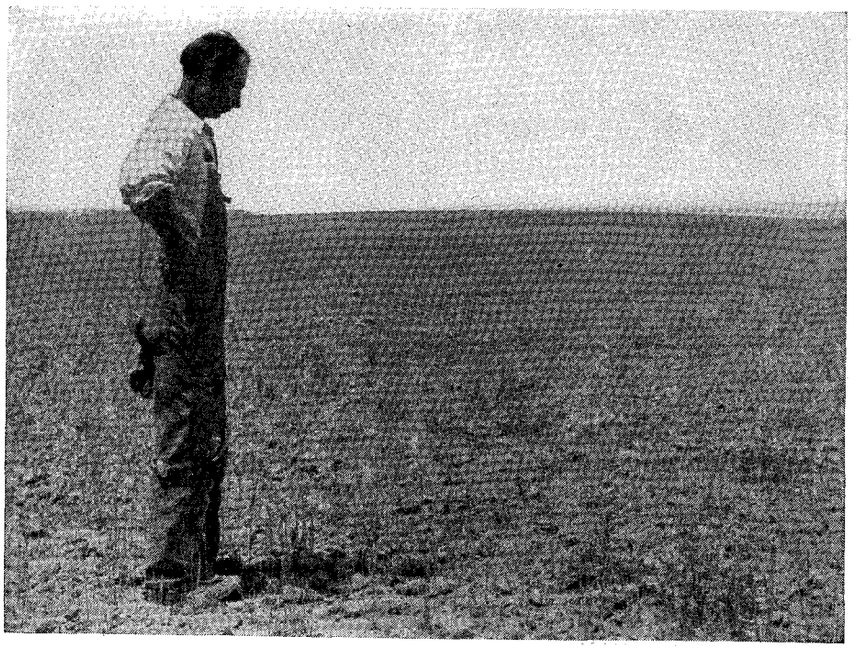
In their capacity for destruction, there is little difference between the American grasshopper and the locust of antiquity. To the cultivator of that day, a plague of locusts was very likely to mean famine. To-day, on his tiny wings, the 'hopper carries huge additional relief rolls.

Crickets—Unhappily, 'hoppers are not the only insect terror facing Western farmers this year.

In nine States, an active battle is raging, with poison as its principal weapon, against the Mormon cricket.

First appearance of this tiny insect, capable of destroying in a few hours the farmers' labor of the year, dates back to 1848, when it nearly brought famine to thousands of Mormon settlers in Utah.

After their epic westward *trek*, their labors of planting, plowing and irrigation, huge crops sprouted in the rich Mormon



Pictures, Inc.

The tragedy of a wheat crop that wasn't . . . Albert West and thousands of brother farmers this year face the greatest grasshopper scourge since that of '48

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soil. Past privation and pain were forgotten—for a moment.

Then came the crickets, crawling cousins of the flying grasshopper. In uncountable numbers, they swarmed over the fertile fields. Behind them was a bleak desolation as they ate their way through the crops.

Stern and bearded elders of the Latter-Day Saints came out to the fields and prayed for the salvation of their future food supply. The Mormon record relates that in immediate response, thousands of sea-gulls appeared, fell avidly on the crickets and destroyed them.

Turn to Poison—To-day a tall monument, standing before the entrance of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, bears the statues of two gulls at its top.

But Western farmers, altho they never have abandoned prayer as a means of fighting pest plagues, promptly turned to poison as the land began to fill with pioneers.

Some of the compounds they used were weird and wonderful. A favorite was slaked lime mixed with tobacco-juice. Another consisted of sage, wormwood, soot and petroleum. One concoction included sulfur, Scotch snuff, hellebore-powder, nux vomica, soft soap, Cayenne pepper and tobacco-juice—a devil's brew which should have been popular with shaggy-haired college hazers of the '90's for taming freshman spirits.

Increase Alarms—In the past few years, the crickets have been increasing alarmingly. In 1926, a small outbreak occurred in two Montana counties, but last year there were ravages in Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Oregon, California and Washington. Experts of the Bureau of Entomology, with local and WPA help, are warring already to check what they fear may be the worst cricket plague since the classic one of '48.

Grasshoppers and Mormon crickets are by no means the only destroying pests the American farmer must face, however. A short list of the worst, in the order of their destructiveness as estimated (financially and somewhat vaguely) by the United States Department of Agriculture, would include:

The boll-weevil, corn-ear worm, rice weevil, chinch-bug, coddling moth, potato beetle, Hessian fly, cotton-leaf worm, cotton flea hopper, tobacco-bud worm, grasshopper, San José scale, potato-leaf hopper, sorghum midge, sugar-cane borer.

In addition to these, screw worms annually kill many cattle, but flies prove the death (usually ascribed to colic) of many horses. In some parts of the country, mosquitoes are malaria menaces to human beings.

Annual Damage—The annual estimate of insect-pest damage to agriculture is approximately $200,000,000. It is self-evident, however, that any figure so set must be somewhat vague, as losses for any given period must be figured in terms of current prices.

Some pests are natives with longer American lineages than Indians. Take, for one, the coddling moth, an apple eater. He seems to have come from England along with the *Pilgrims* and the FFV's. Another nuisance is an added historical score against the Hessian hirelings so detested by the rugged and ragged Revolutionary forefathers. They brought with them the Hessian fly, the nation's worst wheat pest, more dangerous to the infant nation than all the bullets in their huge "cartouch boxes."

Man's battle against his tiny foes seemingly is never-ending, as any lad who has been compelled to spend a glorious summer afternoon battling potato-bugs out in the old north lot, instead of joining the gang at the swimming-hole, can testify with fervor.

Perhaps it will end only when they grow everything in greenhouses, over tanks filled with chemically impregnated water.

Press

BEST SELLER? Newspaper Men Find Fertile Fields Far From City-Room

There's a story going the rounds of newspaper city-rooms about a couple of 'teenish copy boys. As they nipped late-season bock beers down on New York's waterfront, a fragment of their serious converse was overheard:

"I gotta get home early to-night," nodded one. "I wanta finish another chapter of my memoirs."

"Yeah," chirped the other, blowing his foam with studied nonchalance. "I gotta do some work on my novel, too!"

True or not, this yarn is typical of what's going on in newspaper offices. The boys are writing all those stories which used to mingle with the smoke of saloon back rooms, rehashed but never written. Newspaper men have found there's money in their anecdotes, true or false. Write a book of reminiscences with a good title, and Hollywood may buy one or the other, or maybe use both.

Evidence—Look at Joel Sayre, Oliver H. P. Garrett, Dudley Nichols, Ben Hecht, Harlan Thompson, Courtenay (Brick) Terrett, Donald Henderson Clarke, Charlie MacArthur, Gene Fowler and hundreds of others. And even if Hollywood doesn't call right away, a good-selling book leads to profitable incomes from magazines and special newspaper assignments.

Only trouble threatening to-morrow's newspaper rovers is that the world's getting smaller and outstanding personalities fewer. Besides—the competition is terrific. Even movie stars such as Errol Flynn show up in Spain to write impressions for, and reap publicity from, a public of omnivorous sensation-eaters.

Richard Harding Davis, Frank H. Simonds, Herbert Bayard Swope and Lincoln Steffens set a merry pace for latter-day foreign correspondents to shoot at.

Long List—But the shooting's been pretty consistent during the past few years. Walter Duranty, Vincent Sheean, Negley Farson, John Gunther, George Seldes, Webb Miller, Boake Carter, John Whitaker and a host of others have cracked best-seller lists wide open with their recounting of experiences in foreign fields.

This week, "We Cover the World" (Harcourt Brace) appeared, setting an all-time high for roving correspondents. Sixteen of them lure a reader through some of the strangest adventures ever written. One celebrity after another gets new spotlight value, wars are reviewed, the world is literally covered.

H. R. (Bud) Ekins really has the rest of his colleagues at a disadvantage. He actually circled the world, and that comprises his chapter. A number of the other contributors to the new book have been around a good deal. The veteran Karl Von Wiegand, however, mentions the historic Hearst-Eckener-Zeppelin Round-the-World Flight in 1929.

Only feminine contributor to the book is Mary Knight, ex-Paris correspondent of the United Press, globe-trotter, fellow townswoman of Margaret ("Gone With the Wind") Mitchell. Mary writes for THE LITERARY DIGEST now, altho long after the others of the staff have gone home, she goes on typing more memoirs. Plans to bring a piano up from Georgia with the first royalties.

Knight's Paris—Mary's chapter is called "Girl Reporter in Paris." She wrote the 8,000 words during three week-ends. Her theme is, "I went to Paris for two weeks and stayed five years"—her lead-off sentence. Mary almost got strangled by a sex-maniac in England, sneaked to a guillotining in men's clothes, romped up the back way of a Paris hotel to interview Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

Those are just a few things she tells about. As she leaves France behind, bound for China on a freighter, she ends her initial set of memoirs. What happened in China she is now recreating for another book.

By swiping a copy of her original text for "We Cover the World," a coworker managed to find one paragraph which Editor Eugene Lyons deleted:

"Of the people it has been my good fortune to talk with, both on and off the record, one of the ones I most enjoyed was Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt, when she was in Paris a few years ago. At eighty-one, she was the youngest and most natural person I had ever seen. I asked her if she spanked the President when he was little. She said: 'No, but I locked him in a closet once, and he nearly kicked the door down!'"

Thirty—What with the traveling propensities of most of the authors represented, and the difficulty of getting the copy in on time from all parts of the globe, Lyons, Moscow correspondent for the United Press for six years, has announced definitely that "this is the last time I'll ever tackle a job like this."

Most curious difficulty of all was based

Photo by Walter Engel for Literary Digest

Mr. Lyons scans his book, "We Cover the World" . . . by 16 authors

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on a misunderstanding. The Western Writers Congress, a Leftist organization, sent telegrams of protest to editors, condemning the book on the ground that Lyons would expound anti-Soviet views. His chapter in "We Cover the World" is about Persia!

In fact, it is William Henry Chamberlin who crosses the Volga in his chapter, "My Russian Education." Chamberlin spent twelve years, from 1922 to 1934, in the Soviet Union as correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

"I suspect that twelve years under a dictatorship have made me a thoroughly unrepentant liberal and a democrat for life," he concludes.

Writing on Russia and the Far East for many national magazines, Chamberlin has been the *Christian Science Monitor's* Chief Far Eastern Correspondent since February, 1935, when he finished an American lecture tour and sailed for Tokyo. His wife is Sonya Trosten Chamberlin, a Russian-born American, and they have a daughter, Nadezhda (Hope) Elizabeth, born in Moscow.

Soviet Eye-Teeth—Interesting is his comment that in the process of cutting his Soviet eye-teeth, he took the word of "a walrus-mustached Commissar for Justice," informed *Monitor* readers that there were only 200 political prisoners in Russia, and that "these were confined in northern regions, where the climate, 'altho cold, was clear.' I subsequently learned that one could have safely added two ciphers. . . . Also that the 'cold but clear' of the Solovetzky Islands was a matter of political conjecture."

Probably the biggest box-office name in the book is Negley Farson, whose autobiography, "The Way of a Transgressor," is said to have passed the 130,000 mark at $3 a copy. It's probably just as well it sold so well, for when royalties are computed on the 150,000 words in "We Cover the World," there's going to be some high-speed brain-racking.

Authors' Cut—Even hardy computers along Publishers' Row tremble at the idea of figuring out each author's one-sixteenth of 10 per cent. of two-thirds of the sales at $3 a throw.

Farson's chapter is an "Indian Love Lyric," containing much of interest about Gandhi and British Empire rule. Farson flew out to India in 1930 to cover the Gandhi movement, stayed in that country five months. He was up in the Khyber Pass as the Afridis marched to attack Peshawar. How he secured the arrest yarn with Ashmead-Bartlett of the London *Daily Telegraph* high-lights one of the most interesting chapters in the book. Enormously successful now, Farson lives in England, but does most of his free-lance writing in Yugoslavia.

For readers who want some strong views on dictators, George Seldes comes through with some dynamite in his stint, "Nations in Straitjackets." Readers of "You Can't Print That" and "Sawdust Caesar" can expect more of the explosives from the author who was expelled from Russia and Italy and who is now covering the Spanish war for the *New York Post*.

Blasting dictators and censorship, Seldes also takes a swat at newspaper publishers.

"One of the reasons why American correspondents abroad can be divided into three classes—the defiers, the foot-kissers and the sail-trimmers—is the failure of the newspaper publishers and the press services they directly or indirectly control, to unite in the common cause of a free press."

It isn't known if any of Seldes coauthors are "foot-kissers" or "sail-trimmers"—but certainly few get around as much as Webb Miller, forty-six-year-old European News Manager of the United Press, whose scoops are front-page material for hundreds of newspapers.

Miller is getting sicker and sicker of the turmoil of modern life. But the sicker he gets, the more he seems to scour Europe for stories from every leading performer in that international circus. In his autobiography last year, "I Found No Peace," Miller told of this growing disgust with the human race. In his current chapter, "The Little World War in Spain," his ennui reaches the point where he closes with the line: "Poor Spain, poor Europe—yes, poor Human Race."

One conclusion drawn from reading "We Cover the World" is that American correspondents in foreign lands are a different race from those of twenty years ago. Where once a newspaper man was considered to be taking sides if he spoke a foreign language, some knowledge of world affairs is now necessary.

Hallett Abend—Take Hallett Abend, *New York Times* correspondent in China since 1927. His share of "We Cover the World" is "Ten Years in the Orient." Take any segment of his biography to see the variety of experience which finally landed him in his present job. For instance:

After being City Editor of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin* for a year, he went to Boise as Managing Editor of the *Idaho Statesman* for four years. Previously he had thrown up a bank clerk's job, retired to a section of wild land in British Columbia, built a log house and settled there with 2,000 books for two years. In 1920, he wandered to California as City Editor, then Editor of a special motion-picture section for the Los Angeles *Times*, worked for a year with Norma and Constance Talmadge productions in Hollywood. In the next six years he wrote and sold more than sixty long and short stories for popular magazines. Early in 1926 he went to China on a shoe-string, writing "space" for a lot of American newspapers. He edited the Peking *Leader* for a while and was all packed to return to America when taken on by the *New York Times*, first part-time, then as its chief correspondent.

James A. Mills contributes "Scoop Hunting Around the World" from his experiences as a roving reporter for the Associated Press. Frazier Hunt adds "I Capture Vladivostok"; Linton Wells reminisces on "The Rape of Ethiopia"; Junius B. Wood asks "Do Dictators Die in Bed?"—drawing an answer from thirty-years' experience; Frank H. Hedges writes on Japan; Randall Gould tells of "China in Revolt"; Jack Starr-Hunt writes of "Mexico: Land of Manana."

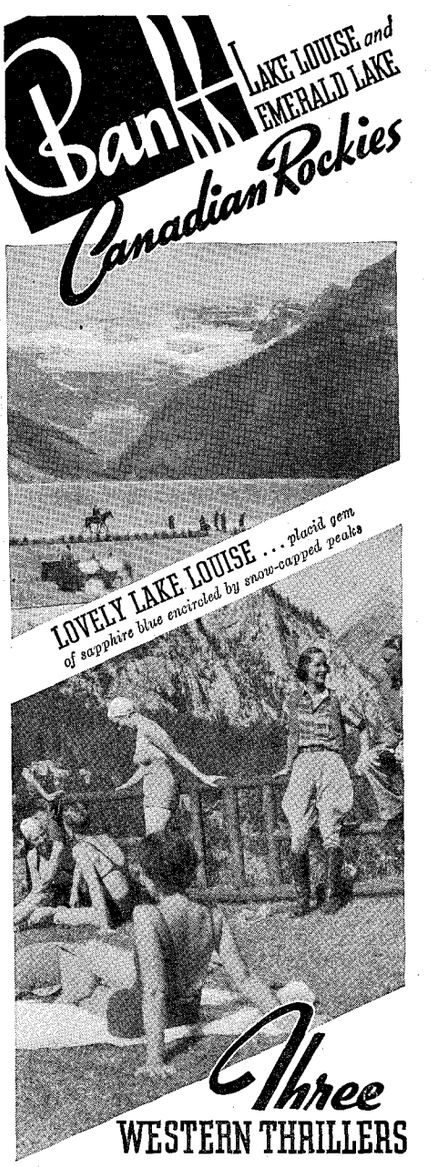
Which does pretty well cover the world.

FROM MIKE TO TYPE:

Boake Carter Is Latest Radio Oracle to Start Press Column

"A columnist," a bilious newspaper City Editor once complained bitterly, "is a bird who gets paid in five digits for stuff that would get a cub reporter fired if he wrote it."

Latest commentator to "crash" the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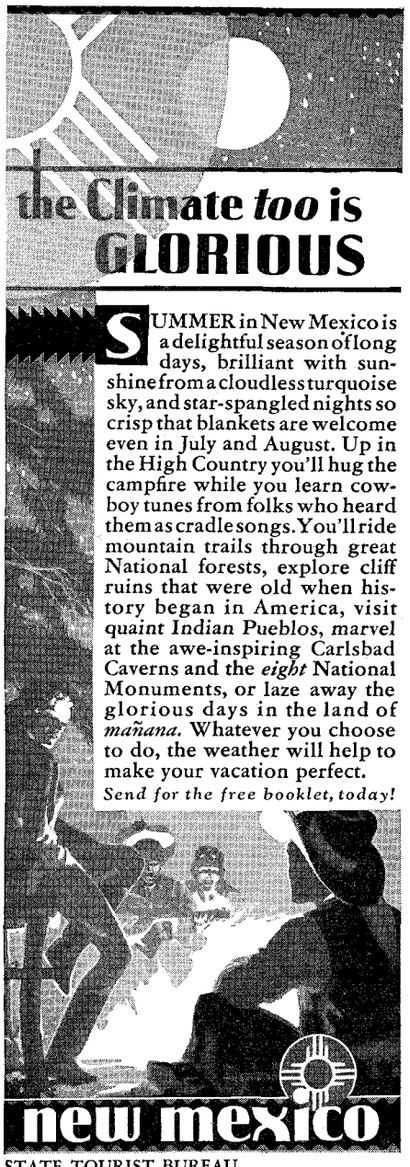
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metropolitan columnist field is Boake Carter, Philco Radio-Time man with the "cheerio" voice five times weekly over the Columbia Broadcasting System at 7:45 P. M. (Eastern Standard Time).

Over the air, Carter is said to command a potential radio audience of 53,600,000. CBS officials believe he has a regular nightly audience of from ten to sixteen million listeners. He has been broadcasting since 1931. In 1932, he started a column for the Philadelphia *Daily News* (unsyndicated), kept it going for about two years. Then Carter became too busy on the Pep Boys program of WCAU, as well as the nightly news broadcast, gave up his column.

Somewhat of the country gentleman against the background of a picturesque old farmhouse in Torresdale, outside Philadelphia, Carter has nevertheless managed to turn out two books "Black Shirt, Black Skin" and "Johnny Q. Public Speaks." Another, "This Is Life," is due April 28.

New Column—Last January, Carter signed a long-term contract with the Ledger Syndicate of Philadelphia to write a daily column of 900 words. He planned to make it a background analysis of the news, filled with his personal slant.

Only a month old, the Boake Carter column is now in fifty-two newspapers, including the *Boston Daily Globe*, Chicago *Times*, Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* and the New York *Daily Mirror*. George F. Kearney, active manager of the Ledger Syndicate, says there are forty other prospects in his office.

Kearney expects the list to top one hundred papers by summer. Greatest spur to Carter's news-writing prestige was winning the readers' poll in the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle* as an overwhelming choice to fill the place left by the late Arthur Brisbane, for many years the country's leading columnist with his front-page Hearst contribution known as "Today."

Embarrassing Question—To date, Carter has an estimated newspaper audience of 7,000,000. No one knows how much money he's scooping in for these divers chores, but it is believed that his columnar income may soon exceed radio earnings. In the former he is working on a royalty basis rather than a salary. "Any figure we name to-day would be altered by to-morrow's sales," Kearney exults. "Why do you fellows always ask such embarrassing questions?"

Carter has been a newspaper man for the past twenty years, serving with the London *Daily Express*, Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* and Philadelphia *Daily News*. His wife is Olive Richter, Assistant Society Editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*. Her father is Publisher and Editor of *Sporting Life*.

When Carter began his currently popular news broadcasts, his English accent grated on many of his listeners. And in Philadelphia, when he first arrived, Carter dressed a winning personality in spats, monocle and cane. Now he's a little more American.

His new income will come in handy for the expensive hobby of cruising round Chesapeake Bay. Carter's other passions are tennis, wood-chopping and hunting.

Pets Offered—Carter has two children, and he loves dogs. Which brings up a story: One night he announced that Rags, his dog, had died. Listeners were so touched that within a few days he was offered eighty-two canine pets. He accepted none of those offered to him, however.

For his radio programs he gets news from the United Press and Agence Havas wire services. After digesting them he writes his scripts out in longhand, with elaborate notes in parentheses as to "side remarks," groans, laughter and general microphone "business."

Much of his current vogue is probably due to a fortunate break at the Flemington, New Jersey, trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the kidnaping of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's baby. In the early stages of those dramatic court-room pageants, Carter roared at the forces of crime, instead of giving a straight newsbroadcast.

CBS Jittery—Shuddering officials of the Columbia Broadcasting System thought listeners were not able to take such outspoken comment, erased Carter from the waves. But the public wanted more, and said so in a deluge of protests. So Boake Carter has said just what he has wanted to say ever since.

Carter doesn't like personal appearances, but if he isn't careful he will soon be in line for what's left of vaudeville or he may get a chance to "emote" opposite one of Hollywood's round-faced, throaty glamour girls.

His column-rule neighbor on the New York *Daily Mirror's* page ten is Walter Winchell. Next to aspirin and hang-over remedies, Winchell is supposed to be the leading stimulant for Broadway, Hollywood and Park Avenue folks.

Old-time conservatives gurgle at the way alleged leaders disport themselves to get into "Walter Winchell on Broadway," a new venture in journalism which crept into the New York *Graphic* in 1924. Previously Winchell had been a vaudeville "hoofer," a member of the Gus Edwards troupe which included Eddie Cantor and George Jessel. Winchell started his word-wizardry in a single sheet, *Daily Newssence*, posted on the back-stage boards of theaters. Then he wrote for *Vaudeville News*, a house organ for the E. F. Albee Circuit.

Winchell has imitators on all sides, but manages to think up new slants which intrigue readers from Honolulu to Honfleurs. He is credited with drawing a third of the

Courtesy Twentieth Century-Fox Films

Walter Winchell . . . columnist turned Romeo proves his ability in a movie with Alice Faye

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circulation of the New York *Daily Mirror* (600,000), and his column appears in more than a hundred newspapers which have an estimated 7,250,000 readers.

His movie, "Wake Up and Live," is being released nationally on April 23 by Twentieth Century-Fox. Hollywood scouts believe Winchell will go far as a movie star.

"My ambition is to do one column a week and one weekly broadcast," he said. "Of course, I don't care about money any more, and my wife and children have been patient for many years."

After 40?—Forty years of age last week, Winchell was named by Wilfred J. Funk, Editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST, as one of the "ten modern Americans who have done most to keep American jargon alive." In another field, Winchell is also unique. He has one of the most iron-clad contracts ever given a writer.

Protected from libel, he still keeps the rights to all his writing except those of newspaper publication.

Final clause in the contract is another eye-opener:

"If ——— and ——— are employed by the Corporation in any capacity superior to the capacity of Winchell, and if, in the opinion of Winchell, either of said parties harasses or annoys Winchell in any respect, Winchell shall have the right, at his option, to terminate this agreement by giving two-weeks' written notice of his intention to do so."

Just before leaving for the Pacific Coast on April 5, Winchell received a letter from William Randolph Hearst granting him a roving assignment. Winchell may go anywhere he wants, cover any story he wishes, at Mr. Hearst's expense. It is improbable that he will ever go to Europe, however,—he hates the water.

Miss Dix—When Arthur Brisbane died, he was reported to have a circle of 25,000,000 readers. How this has been divided up since has not yet been ascertained, but No. 2 in the number of readers is Dorothy Dix, sixty-six-year-old New Orleans social leader and director of *The Times-Picayune*.

She is one of the American columnists most extensively syndicated abroad. With an estimated annual income of $82,000, her editors insist she reaches 60,000,000 pairs of eyes daily.

Her real name is Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, and she was born in Montgomery County, Tennessee.

Short, a trifle plump, she is full of vitality. Since January 15, 1923, her collection of heart problems has appeared in the 273 papers of the Ledger Syndicate. She calls George Kearney, its manager, "boss," and when they're together she pops her feet up on the desk, saying: "Well, George, what do you think?"

Dorothy Dix started at $5 a week on *The Times-Picayune*, was Women's Page Editor from 1896 to 1901.

Now she has a fashionable house in the suburbs, a Cadillac and a Negro chauffeur named Jo.

Some days she gets almost a thousand letters from all over the world. She collects them in a little old round market-basket in which it is believed the world's greatest collection of human wos has been carried.

Miss Dix once received a heartrending letter from a Japanese girl who said the contents were so personal she would never even think of discussing them with her native god.

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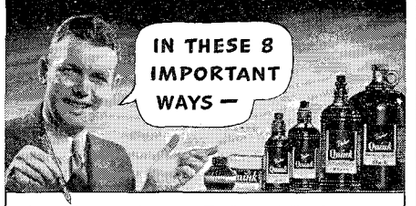

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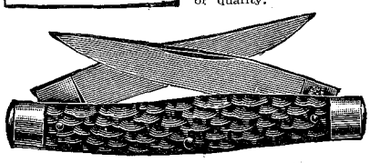

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TYPE TEMPTERS: Los Angeles Times Wins Ayer Award for Best Newspaper Appearance

Last week, 1,500 newspaper editors who had entered their March 4 issues in the annual Ayer Typographical Contest learned that the ultramodern Los Angeles *Times* had taken first prize among metropolitan dailies.

And they learned something else: Three of the nine papers placing in all classes were "stream-lined"—the Des Moines (Iowa) *Tribune*, winner of third place in the over-50,000 circulation class; the Glendale (Calif.) *News-Press*, second in the 10,000 to 50,000; the *New York Herald Tribune*, first Ayer Cup holder (three-time winner), which this year placed second behind the Los Angeles *Times*.

Easier to Read—From the layman's standpoint, professional awards of merit mean less than the fact that newspapers to-day are unquestionably easier to read, handier to "get at," pleasanter to the eye generally. Actually, that is what publishers are striving to achieve; the medals and loving-cups are merely incidental.

So, to please readers, editors have concocted five cardinal rules:

1. Use bright, natural color.
2. Use more and better pictures.
3. Interpret and summarize complex news stories.
4. Use modern head-line types, easy-to-read body type.
5. Use make-up to help the reader find the news, not to bewilder him; functional make-up is as important in a newspaper as functional design in a house, an automobile or an ash-tray.

Sometimes newspapers awaken overnight to the readers' new tastes. Like the winning *Times*, which one day last fall greeted its breakfast-table fans with a two-column head:

GOOD MORNING! MEET THE STREAMLINED TIMES

Below, a story explained how Gilbert P. Farrar, typographical counselor with the American Type Founders Company, had specified a larger body type, called paragon, which made easier reading with little loss of space. The new heads were chiefly in a face called Erbar, and for freshness and easier writing were of the simplified "flush left" style.

Pioneers—Among the pioneers in "streamlining," the New York *Morning Telegraph*, for which sporting and theatrical people pay twenty cents a copy, went modern with a truly Broadway vengeance in 1928. Side heads, no column rules, six wide columns (later changed to the conventional eight) and beautiful ultramodern type were specified by Designer Heyworth Campbell.

Three years later, the undergraduate editors of the Columbia *Spectator* opened a fresh field for experimenting, with a jazzed-up design, and college editors have been modernists in make-up ever since. But the first metropolitan paper to go truly modern was the Cleveland *News*.

Editor Earle Martin cut the Gordian knot of tradition in 1934, with shorter heads, "set left," as printers say. He acted on an idea that many editors had: Few readers wade through every line of a head-line anyway. They want short heads, at most in two decks, to make skimming the news easier.

As the *Chicago Tribune* also cut out long-winded head-lines, Martin went a step further, made all but the biggest head-lines one deck only.

An earlier head-line pioneer was William Randolph Hearst, who now has twenty-six newspapers to experiment with.

Bounding into the New York newspaper field in 1895, he put life into the tombstone-like blanket sheets of his day with his screaming *Journal*. Competing with Joseph Pulitzer's *World*, Hearst used sensational pictures, explosive type and fast-stepping, action head-lines that sparkled (and "murdered" and "probed" and "stuck up" and "scrammed").

English Influence—Two years ago, Hearst pioneered again. He had observed British editors had grown away from their traditional dulness, even tho they still used label head-lines.

So, lately, Hearst papers have been combining the sprightly originality and typographical unevenness of English head-lines with the action-crammed, present-tense American style.

More quietly, the *New York Herald Tribune* was an innovator. The first linotype machine was installed in Whitelaw Reid's composing room in the nineties, and in 1918 *The Tribune* (since combined with James Gordon Bennett's *Herald)* appeared first in a dress that hundreds of papers have copied and that won it the Ayer Trophy.

Both the more conservative *New York Times* and *The Herald Tribune* long have been using news-index columns, as well as summarizing bulletins at the tops of stories, as the "glut of occurrences" has piled more cables on copy-desks than could ever fit into the front page or any other available space.

Other papers have gone even further in digesting the news.

The Boise (Idaho) *Capital News* dealt itself a whole new front page: Photographs, late bulletins in a wide column, and a news summary in another wide column. The usual page-one stories are on inside pages, grouped logically. The Buffalo (N. Y.) *Times* uses a sprightly, background-full, half-page summary.

Probably the most daring precedent-upsetter in America is the New York *Daily News*, which ought to know what it is doing, for it has the nation's largest circulation (3,000,000 Sunday, 1,600,000 daily),

Courtesy N. Y. Herald Tribune

Modern make-up produced a "stream-lined" Los Angeles Times that won the typographical cup

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tells the world news in tabloid to its sensation-minded readers with ten-word summaries.

The News, War-baby cousin of the *Chicago Tribune*, has popularized another idea: tabloid size, plus a front page of pictures and one big head-line. When the Lindbergh baby's body was found, only two words in black, six-inch type told *News* readers:

BABY DEAD

Off-Side

Soda—From Ames, an Iowa State College student telegraphed a double chocolate soda for a present to his girl at Davenport. Costs were 55 cents for telegraph charges, and with other tolls the gift amounted to $1.08.

* * *

Caterpillar — Curiosity to know what caterpillars ate led Miss Rowean Turner of Troy, New York, to experiment. Result is she now has Skeezie, a brown and fuzzy crawler, as a trained pet. Miss Turner has spent twenty of her twenty-three years in a wheel-chair.

* * *

Curses—Mrs. Lila Johnson, of St. Clairsville, Ohio, charged that her husband continually cursed the President of the United States. Suing for divorce, she said this was doubly embarrassing because her friends were mostly Democrats.

* * *

Stamp—August Dietz, Richmond, Virginia, publisher, charged the Post Office Department with cutting off one star from Robert E. Lee's uniform in the photograph he presented to the Department for use on the new four-cent stamp.

* * *

Grave—Forty persons of Leigh, England, earned five shillings by stepping over a grave in the churchyard. The money was paid under the will of a villager who died in 1626 and asked that residents walk over his grave once a year during Holy Week.

* * *

Counterfeit—With a wave of bad five-yen notes flooding Tokyo, most merchants advertised they were not accepting bills of that denomination. One, however, advertised he would. He cleaned up a small fortune, got only one fake note.

* * *

Legs — Marmaduke Harrison, eighty-two, of Duston, England, died as a result of putting both feet in the same trouser leg. He stumbled, fell, broke a thigh, pneumonia set in.

* * *

Gargle — Because visitors complained, Jutus, a twenty-year-old python at the Seattle Zoo, was treated for offensive breath. Supt. Gus Knudson and three keepers washed out the snake's mouth with an antiseptic.

* * *

Word—Choking that follows a dust-storm is known as pneumonolutramicroscopicsilicovolcanosis, according to Charles T. Barnam, pharmacist of Chillicothe, Ohio.

* * *

Marbles—Judge Peter S. Cunniff of Waltham, Massachusetts, Juvenile Court will meet a seven-year-old youth who called him a sissy because he wore "a long black dress." He instructed the boy to bring a bag of marbles for the battle.

Sports

PLAY BALL! National Game Gets Under Way With President Tossing First One

More significant than his customary designation as "the National Game's No. 1 Fan" is the fact that the President of the United States is the only Government official whose annual salary ($75,000) tops that of some half a dozen major-league baseball players. (See cover.)

When, by tossing a baseball in the District of Columbia's Griffith Stadium this Monday afternoon, President Roosevelt starts a game between the Washington Senators and the Philadelphia Athletics, he will be giving official "Go!" to a sport whose record $3,200,000 pay-roll* this year would be enough to cover the salaries of himself, Vice President Garner, the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Senate and a third of the House of Representatives.

Pay Scale—Baseball's wage-scale, ranging from $3,500 for a run-of-the-mill rookie to $36,000 for the New York Yankees' first baseman, Henry Louis Gehrig, is fixed, not by a players' union, but solely by the owners of the sixteen clubs composing the National and American Leagues.

Once he signs his first contract, a player becomes club property. His owner can sell or swap him like a race-horse, or fire him on ten-days' notice. If, before the season opens, the player decides he wants more money, he can either quit baseball or revert to the game's version of the sit-down: the hold-out.

Loudest of this year's crop of hold-outs was Jerome H. (Dizzy) Dean, who announced he wouldn't pitch for the St. Louis Cardinals "for a cent less than $50,000," made a gesture of retiring from the game when his demands were rejected, and finally signed for $25,000.

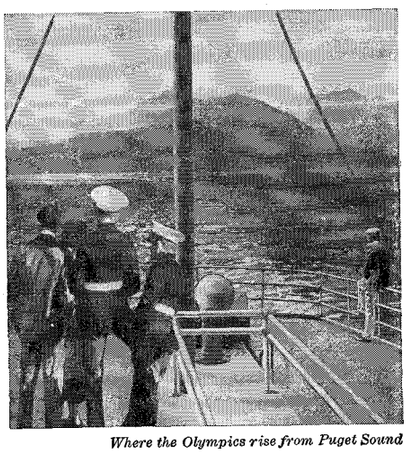
Yank Hold-Outs—Most active hold-out club this year was the world champion New York Yankees, whose 1937 pay-roll of $368,000 is the heaviest any team has ever carried. Most successful Yankee striker was last year's sensational rookie outfielder, twenty-two-year-old Joseph Paul DiMaggio, who asked for $25,000 and got $15,000, a rise of $6,500. Most persistent was pitcher Charles Herbert (Red) Ruffing, who, last week, was still holding out.

Because most club-owners refuse to reveal complete salary lists and because, technically, they do exert a sort of peonage control over their players, Rep. Raymond J. Cannon, Wisconsin Democrat, two weeks ago called upon Attorney General Cummings to start antitrust law proceedings against the "organized baseball monopoly."

Charging the "daring, brazen and bold band of club-owners" with "coercion and intimidation" of baseball players, Representative Cannon declared that "a parallel situation in any other industry, by means of a closed monopoly of employers that would arbitrarily bar employees from their work unless the employees agreed to work for one particular employer upon arbitrary terms dictated by such employer, would not be tolerated by either law or public opinion.

"I am convinced a situation exists," he

*Does not include minor leagues.



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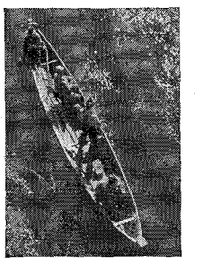

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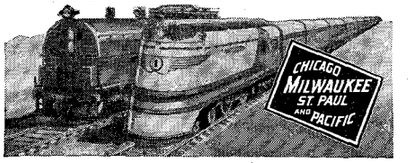

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wrote, "which is not only in violation of law, but would meet with the immediate disapproval of the great mass of the American people who are lovers of baseball, if they knew the facts."

"Black Sox" Counsel—When the lid blew off the now celebrated "Black Sox" scandal which resulted in the ousting from baseball of eight members of the Chicago White Sox (Jackson, Cicotte, Williams, Felsh, Gandil, McMullen, Risberg and Weaver) for throwing the 1919 World Series to the Cincinnati Reds, Representative Cannon was counsel for the defense. He attributed the scandal to unfair restraint by the baseball magnates.

Probably the least interested of all concerned in Representative Cannon's flaming indictment were the players themselves, who from next week until September will give far more attention to the problem of improving their clubs' standings than to improving their own slightly peculiar working-conditions.

Favorites—Of the eight teams in the American League (New York Yankees, Detroit Tigers, Cleveland Indians, Washington Senators, Boston Red Sox, Chicago White Sox, St. Louis Browns, Philadelphia Athletics), New York is a top-heavy favorite to repeat its pennant championship, with the other clubs finishing in the above order, according to a poll of managers conducted by the United Press.

Finishing in eighth place this season for the third year in a row would give Philadelphia a tie for the cellar championship with Boston, which, since 1901, has been the weakest team in the league ten times. The only club which has never placed last is Detroit. The St. Louis Browns are the only team in either league which has never won a pennant.

In the older National League, this year starting its sixty-second season, the defending New York Giants face a much tougher dog fight. Last summer, the Giants won twenty-six of the twenty-eight games they played from July 27 to August 28, with Carl Owen Hubbell, famed screw-ball pitcher, contributing sixteen consecutive victories, the longest National League winning streak since Rube Marquard's nineteen straight for the Giants of 1912.

Edge to Giants—On the basis of their preseason strength, the United Press managers' poll gives the Giants a slight edge over the St. Louis Cardinals, with the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Chicago Cubs rated only a few points lower. The Cincinnati Reds, Boston Bees and Brooklyn Dodgers were fifth-, sixth- and seventh-place predictions. By an almost unanimous vote, the managers picked the Philadelphia Phillies to finish last again.

Next to home-run hitting, good pitching is baseball's most interesting feature to a majority of the 9,000,000 Americans who last year paid $10,000,000 to watch regular season games, and laid out an additional $1,200,000 for the World Series show.

Of the six major league players reported to be getting more than $20,000 this year (Gehrig, Yankees, $36,000; Cronin, Red Sox, and Dean, Cardinals, $25,000; Grove, Red Sox, and Hubbell, Giants, $22,500; Foxx, Red Sox, $22,000), three (Dean, Grove and Hubbell) are pitchers.

Rookie Feller—This year, baseball's three highest-paid pitching experts may get second billing to an eighteen-year-old, a farmer's son, from Van Meter, Iowa: Robert William Andrew Feller.

Bob Feller's transition from an Iowa farm kid to a major-league pitching sensation makes the sort of newspaper copy sports editors are always looking for and rarely find.

Like 1,000,001 other farm kids, Feller was born with a yen for baseball. Unlike the others, his father, William Andrew Feller, recognized his talent for the game and developed it, intelligently and methodically.

Morning and night, between school-hours and farm-chores, young Feller and his father played catch out behind a barn on the 360-acre wheat-farm.

By the time he was nine, he could heave a baseball 275 feet; at eleven he was a regular on American Legion teams; at thirteen, was as good a ball-player as most of the adults in Iowa.

Diamond on Farm—Farmer Feller laid out a baseball-diamond on the farm and organized a team called the Oak Views. Bob played short-stop, and drank in all information he could get about pitching.

At fifteen, reports J. Roy Stockton in his *Saturday Evening Post* biography of the "Storybook Player," the youngster struck out 161 batters in ten complete games against grown men. And out behind the barn one evening, his fast ball with the hop zipped past Father Feller's mitt and cracked three of Father Feller's ribs.

In the summer of 1935, Cyril C. Slapnicka, assistant to the President of the Cleveland American League Indians, "discovered" young Feller.

Because of an agreement forbidding major-league teams from signing sand-lot players, Slapnicka drew up a contract for the kid to play for the Fargo-Moorhead club of the Northern League.

He never played for Fargo-Moorhead. But late that summer, when he was pitching for a Des Moines team in a national sand-lot tournament at Dayton, Ohio, "bush-beaters" from nearly every major-league club were on deck to have a look at the Iowa wonder-boy. There were even two scouts from the Cleveland Indians, unaware that their club already had gotten first call.

Selling Peanuts—In the early spring of 1936, Feller's Fargo-Moorhead contract was assigned to New Orleans, of the Southern Association. So that he could finish high

Wide World

Bob Feller, Iowa farm boy who may be, at 18, baseball's 1937 pitching sensation

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school, he was put on the voluntarily retired list. He never pitched for New Orleans.

Last summer, the Indians gave Feller $65 a month for selling peanuts in the ball-park, and let him work out every morning with the team. One afternoon they gave him a chance against the St. Louis Cardinals in an exhibition game. Feller fanned eight of the nine Gas-House sluggers who faced him in three innings.

New Orleans was persuaded, without much trouble, to sell the recruit it hadn't seen for $1,500. On August 23, the seventeen-year-old pitched his first full game for the Indians, and struck out fifteen St. Louis Browns.

Strike-Out King—On September 13 of last year, young Feller went on the hill against the Philadelphia Athletics. He allowed them just two hits, and struck out seventeen men.

That gave him a tie with Dizzy Dean for the major-league strike-out record. It also made him, overnight, the baseball sensation of 1936.

For the entire season, Feller pitched in fourteen games, winning five and losing three. Of the 227 batters who faced him, seventy-six struck out. In the records, his showing for the year makes him second in the American League to Robert Moses (Lefty) Grove.

Last winter, the Des Moines club protested that Cleveland had violated a baseball law by lifting Feller from the sand-lots to the majors. The big league owners waited, ready to bid up to $100,000 in case Feller was ruled a free agent. But Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's $40,000-a-year High Commissioner, declared the Iowa farm-boy was the rightful property of the Cleveland club.

Beats Giants—For five innings of a Grapefruit League exhibition game at New Orleans last week, the Indians matched Feller against Hubbell, greatest pitcher in baseball. Hub allowed the Indians three hits, no runs. Feller let the National League champion Giants down with no hits, no runs. After both had left the mound, Cleveland went on to win, 1 to 0.

Through last week, only one man, Douglas (Donkey) Dean of the New Orleans Pelicans, had made a hit off the young marvel who was once, technically, a teammate. In his first twelve innings of exhibition games, Feller struck out eighteen batters, didn't allow a single run.

At eighteen, setting out on his first full season as a big leaguer, Feller stands five feet, eleven and three-quarters inches, weighs 185, has powerful, trained muscles that give him one of the fastest throws in the game. For his first year he is reported to be getting $10,000, a record salary for a baseball newcomer.

MARATHONER: DeMar at 49 Is Still Best Known in Boston A. A. Event

Most historic and most strenuous of all foot-races is the marathon, commemorating Olympic Champion Pheidippides's epic, and fatal, run from Marathon to Athens, bearing news of a Greek victory over the Persians in 490 B. C.

Most famous American reenactment of the long-distance junket is the annual twenty-six-mile, 385-yard race from Hopkinton to Boston, held every year since

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Thoburn Chair of Bible and Philosophy of Religion, Allegheny College, and member of the general executive committee (American branch) of the Egypt Exploration Fund. With a supplement by GEORGE W. GILMORE

This edition records the results of modern research and discovery, clarifying many previously doubtful dates, and shedding clear light on a number of obscure periods about which little or nothing was known. The descriptions of modern archeological methods and how their results are clarifying older discoveries are of outstanding interest.

Figure of a slave girl found in a tomb near Thebes

Marvelous Ancient Documents Unearthed in Egypt

Archeologists in Egypt dug up hundreds of mummied crocodiles. All of them were stuffed with papyri records that were written when Jesus Christ walked the earth. Some of the records were interesting private letters; others were messages from kings, petitions from the people—one was from a tax dodger; reports of strikes, kidnappers, etc.

The pick and the spade of the archeologist in late years have produced amazing revelations about the Bible, including some new sayings of Jesus, which were found in an African desert; also some new data about the children of Israel, the Oriental "mysteries," and the pagan orgies. They tell also about the Greek and the hitherto unknown Ægean culture, about Homer and his period, and about how in the early days people *worshipped their rulers* as gods.

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1897 on Patriots' day (April 19), private holiday of Maine and Massachusetts.

Most celebrated competitor in the Boston A. A. marathon is forty-nine-year-old Clarence DeMar, whose entrance in the race this year marks his twenty-seventh season of marathoning. He has won the Boston A. A. seven times, the first one in 1911, the last in 1930, when he was forty-two.

Ruth of His Field—DeMar competed in three Olympics (1912, 1924, 1928), and still means to marathon-running what Babe Ruth once meant to baseball, Bobby Jones to golf, and Ralph DePalma to automobile-racing.

Probably the question most frequently asked "the old man of marathon" is: What does a fellow think about when he's running one of those long grinds? In "Mara-

Boston Traveler

Clarence DeMar, 49-year-old marathoner, lopes between home and office to keep in racing trim

thon," published three weeks ago by the Stephen Daye Press, DeMar gives the answer.

Every faculty, he writes, must be concentrated on the race. A marathon-runner dreads interruption or distraction of any kind, particularly words of well-meant encouragement from intimate friends stationed along the route.

Grind—In training for a race, says DeMar, the most important thing is practise. At the peak of his career, he averaged 100 miles a week for two months before every Boston A. A. grind. Practise, and plenty of sleep. A balanced diet, with just the right number of calories, is, he has found, "a lot of bother with no benefit."

"Food, amount and kind of work, rest, habits of relaxation, whether to be an abstainer from liquor and tobacco or not, *etc.*, all are questions it is impossible to answer dogmatically," DeMar asserts. "Individuals differ."

He doesn't think long-distance running does any physical harm, and has never found any cases where it hurt anybody who was nearly normal. It certainly hasn't hastened DeMar's old age. Since he turned forty, he has won seven full marathons, placed second six times, and third four times.

With a record and reputation like DeMar's, why hasn't he turned professional? "One answer is, simply because I never had a chance," he says.

Chances are DeMar won't win the forty-first Boston A. A. marathon this Monday. He was sixteenth last year. But if he dreams of victory a few days beforehand, he may have a better chance.

"Just a few nights before the B. A. A. in 1911, in my sleep I dreamt distinctly that I had won the big race," he writes. He won.

SPORT SHOTS

Watching a cock fight in the village of La Caridad, Honduras, last week, Porfirio Canales, thirty-five, was suddenly attacked by one of the roosters, struck through the heart by its steel spur, and killed. The village judge started criminal proceedings. The rooster was convicted and hanged.

* * *

Six of America's finest golfers last week were named the nucleus of the ten-man squad which will invade England on June 29-30 for the sixth renewal of the biennial Ryder Cup professional matches.

The veteran member of the squad is Gene Sarazen, Brookfield Center, Connecticut, pro, who has played on every Ryder Cup team since the matches started in 1927. Others named were Horton Smith, Chicago; Henry Picard, Hershey, Pennsylvania; John Revolta, Miami, Florida; Densmore Shute, West Newton, Massachusetts, and Tony Manero, Salem, Massachusetts.

The other four places will be filled from a special group of professionals compiling the best averages in qualifying rounds of the P.G.A. championship at Pittsburgh, May 24-30, and the U. S. Open at Birmingham, Michigan, June 10-12.

Ryder Cup matches alternate between England and America, have always been won by the home team. The United States leads, 3 to 2.

* * *

First recognition of the triumphs of collegiate racing-shells was made at the University of Washington last week, when service chevrons were painted on the glittering sides of nine craft in the Seattle boat-house.

Pacific Coast championships and victories in dual competition were rewarded with purple chevrons, National titles with gold. A combination of red, white and blue in one large arrow indicates a world's championship.

The greatest number of chevrons went to the *State of Washington*, which since its dedication in 1932 has won six Pacific Coast victories and three National championships. The *Husky Clipper*, launched last year, won two purple (Coast) and three gold (National) chevrons, in addition to a red-white-and-blue arrow signifying its world championship in the Olympic Games at Berlin last summer.

* * *

Dead of pneumonia at Belmont Park, New York, last week was Goldey F, three-year-old chestnut filly, which last year won eleven of her fourteen races, including the Hialeah Juvenile Championship, the Aberdeen, Rosedale, and Betsy Ross Stakes.

Goldey F was bought at the 1935 Saratoga yearling sales by W. A. Bridges, stable foreman, for $150. In one year of racing, she won $18,000.

Finance and Industry

MILK PEG: Prices Tumble, Industry Is Cheered as Control Law Lapses

In New York last week, milk prices spilled over, bubbled at one time to nine cents below the previous twelve cents per Grade B quart, then leveled out at a penny less than March 31 price. To most housewives, as they bent over their door-steps for their morning bottle of milk or hustled to the corner grocery for it, the reason was clear: New York State had failed to renew a milk price-control law which had pegged prices for four years.

What housewives didn't suspect as they scanned their newspapers for latest bulletins on the milk-price war was that even if there had been no war at all, prices without a pegging regulation would have tumbled anyway, for cows "freshen" and give more milk in the spring, and as the supply of milk increases, prices go down.

What they did not know also was that two subsidiaries of nation-wide dairy companies, which handle 1,650,000 of the 3,000,000 quarts sold daily in the metropolis, joyously welcomed the lapsing of the price-pegging law—had, as a matter of fact, fought it tooth and nail.

Comparison—The eleven-cent price which New York housewives were paying in the stores (for Grade B milk) was less than the eighteen cents paid in Miami, Florida, the fifteen cents paid in Birmingham, Alabama, the thirteen cents in San Francisco, or the twelve cents in Chicago. It was the same as the price paid in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Seattle, Washington.

To understand why New York had a milk-control law in the first place, and why some eighteen other States have experimented with some form of control, you must understand a few of the "believe it or not" factors that make the dairy industry the exciting time for its executives that it is.

You must understand first that the dairy industry, which collectively is larger than the steel business or automobile manufacturing, gleans most of its profits not from fluid milk, but from ice-cream and cheese, eggs, poultry, orangeade, glues. (Borden's for 1936 garnered only 11 per cent. of its profits from fluid milk.)

All Consumed—You must understand also that there is no such thing as overproduction in the dairy business. The American citizen (and the American calf) consume every drop of milk the American cow produces, regardless of the number of cows, and regardless of the number of drops. The citizen does not, of course, consume all of this milk as milk. He spreads it on his bread as butter, puts it on his pie as cheese, eats it with a spoon as ice-cream, pours it from a can as condensed milk. These non-fluid products, it can be seen, constitute a safety-valve for the large surpluses that must be handled at once or else become worthless.

Lastly, to understand what brings on State regulation, you must understand a phenomenon known as the "cow-cycle." It works something like this: High prices for dairy products induce farmers to increase herds. But when they try to buy cows, they find that other farmers have

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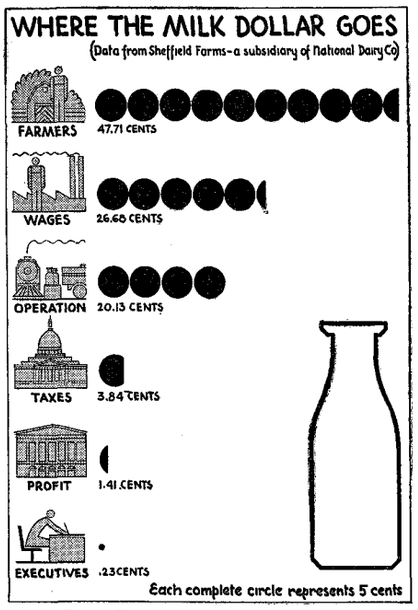

Literary Digest Chart

Almost half of the milk buyer's dollar goes to the farmers

the same idea, hence the price of cows naturally advances. Which in turn encourages farmers to raise heifers into milk cows. And they do not sell as many heifers for veal as they do during periods of low milk prices. With farmers throughout the country bent on the same pursuit, cow-herds and milk-output increase, dairy products fall in price; farmers reduce their herds and the cycle starts all over again.

Herds Decreasing—The number of cows available for milk production ebbs and flows in a period estimated at about fifteen years. Now the cow-cycle is swinging toward the ebb-tide, and herds of cattle are decreasing. The 25,000,000 cows of 1937 are 398,000 fewer than in 1936.

But in 1933, the cow-cycle was at its flood-tide; dairy cows had increased 17 per cent. since 1928, and were more numerous than at any point in history. It was in 1933 that New York's experiment with milk-control began. It began because farmers burned their barns and spilled their milk into gutters and demanded that their Legislature protect them from prices that failed to provide enough cash to keep the mortgagee from the door.

Then, as now, butter was the safety-valve of the dairy industry. Because it is a safety-valve, it is the dairy industry's problem child. It takes twenty-two pounds of milk (roughly ten and a half quarts) to produce a pound of butter. And when butter is selling at twenty-one cents a pound or less (wholesale) as it did in 1933, the companies obviously can not pay the farmer more than a penny a pound (in the neighborhood of half a cent a quart) for the milk that goes into butter.

Two Prices—The companies solved the problem by paying two prices to the farmers: about six-tenths of a cent a quart for the milk that would emerge as butter; about two and three-tenths cents for the milk that would be sold in bottles.

The farmer starved and went on strike. The Legislature stepped in, pegged prices to assure the farmer a minimum return. But for every law, there are law evaders. Milk control failed to work because non-regulated milk poured into New York from out-State, for one thing, and, for another, unscrupulous dealers found means to circumvent price regulation. For that reason, the New York law has been permitted to die.

Annually the farmer produces some 45,000,000,000 quarts of milk, (a little more than 18,000,000 pounds). Of each 100 pounds of milk produced:

Twenty-five pounds never leave the farm at all, are used as milk or cream or butter by the farmer's family, are fed to the calves.

Thirty pounds go to the dairy to be put in bottles.

Thirty-three pounds go to the creamery to be churned into butter.

Five pounds go to the cheese company to emerge in packages and crocks and jars as Liederkranz, Old American, cottage, Philadelphia cream, and a host of simulated European cheeses.

Four pounds go to the cannery as evaporated and condensed and dry milk.

Two pounds go to the ice-cream producer.

One pound goes for miscellaneous uses.

Fourth of Your Food—If you are an average consumer weighing, say, 150 pounds, you will eat twice your own weight of the above products within the next twelve months. Not only that, but milk will constitute one-fourth of all the 1,500 pounds of food you'll eat in a year.

Which explains why the milk industry is stable and why milk products are the greatest single source of revenue to the farmer.

To explain other facts about the dairy industry you must return constantly to the one stubborn fact that milk is ultra-perishable. Cows know no day of rest. And if milk is to be handled at all, it must be handled at once, regardless of the use to which it will later be put.

This perishability of milk explains also why the dairy industry, until a generation ago, was composed of thousands of units.

Because of the peculiar requirements of each market and because of milk's perishability, it was long thought that the milk industry could only prosper in this fashion. But, in 1923, Big Business entered. To-day, three giant corporations have partly organized dairy products distribution on a large-scale business basis and serve consumers literally from coast to coast.

Wall Street—The trend toward big business in dairying set in because Thomas Henry McInnerney, whose Hydrox Company in Chicago was selling more than $1,000,000 worth of ice-cream a year, sold Wall Street the idea that there was money in milk distribution. With Wall Street backing, he set about acquiring milk, cheese, ice-cream and malted-milk companies. The structure he thus built is known to-day as the National Dairy Products Corporation, America's No. 1 dairy concern, whose sales of some 9,000,000,000 pounds of milk last year topped $329,000,000.

In reality, National Dairy is a vast holding company doing business through more than 100 operating companies throughout the country.

National Dairy's cheese subsidiary, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, has plants in the United States, Canada and Australia, sells cheese throughout the world. National Dairy's Breyer Ice-Cream Company sells frozen delicacies in the East. Some of the better known National Dairy trade names are: Cloverleaf butter, Sheffield Farms, Inc.'s Sealect milk, Deerfoot Farms Company's sausages. In addition, the giant combine distributes ginger ale, malted milk, egg-yolks, caramels, toffee, canned milk,

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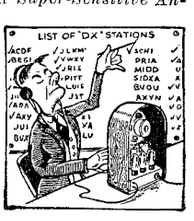

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cheese-boxes and lumber. From these activities, National Dairy last year earned $13,282,000.

Borden—America's No. 2 dairy concern, the Borden Company, was founded by Gail Borden, the father of condensed milk. Until 1928, Borden's contented itself with distributing milk to Eastern markets. Then it embarked on its two-year expansion program, wound up with a string of seventy dairy companies that gave it access to markets in sixteen States and in Canada. Today Borden's does half of its business in fluid milk, one-fifth each in ice-cream and manufactured products, and the remainder in butter and eggs.

Best known of Borden products are Eagle Brand condensed milk, Horton's and Reid's ice-cream, None-Such mince-meat, Chateau cheese. Against National Dairy's $13,282,000 earnings in 1936, Borden's was able to chalk up $7,921,489—a 63 per cent. profit rise over 1935. But altho half of Borden's business was devoted to fluid milk, profits from that source were only $876,000—or one-ninth of a cent a quart on some 780,000,000 quarts of milk sold during the year.

Which spurred Arthur W. Milburn, Borden's President, to point out that of every dollar Borden's received, forty-six cents went to the farmer, thirty cents to employees, twenty-four cents for operating costs, taxes, insurance and similar items.

The Beatrice Creamery Company (pronounced Be-AT-rice) is No. 3 dairy distributer, but its approximate $60,000,000 worth of sales lag far behind both Borden and National Dairy. Beatrice's chief business is butter, but its best profits come from ice-cream. Altho the company's annual statement for 1936 has not yet been published, profits are expected to approximate $1,500,000 from operations centering around twenty-four subsidiary companies in fifteen States.

SEVEN ACRES OF TOYS:

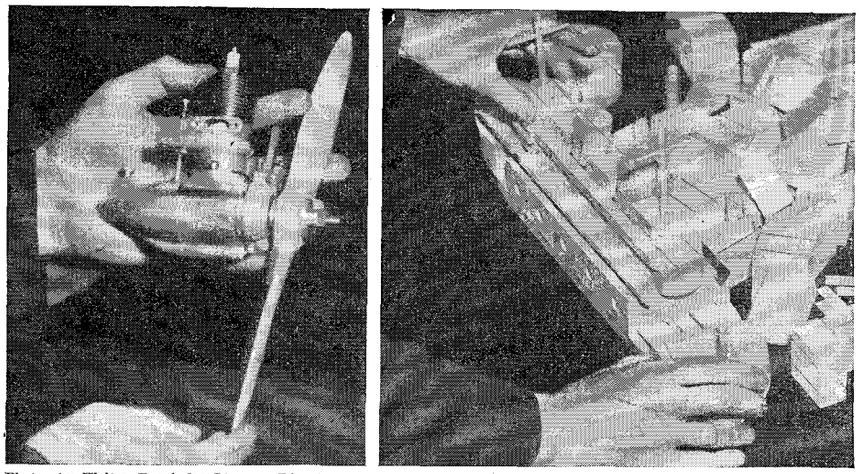
Christmas Playthings Shown in New York; 10 Per Cent. Gain Seen

Seven acres of space in the busy center of New York were given over last week and this to a display of 15,000 new toys which will cause American youth to whoop and crow next Christmas.

Staged on five floors of the Hotel McAlpin and on others at the Toy Center in Fifth Avenue, the 1937 American Toy Fair gave to 3,000 domestic and alien buyers their first view of the novel playthings which are expected this year to attain a retail sales volume of $240,000,000, a 10 per cent. increase over that of 1936. Only the toy trade and the press were permitted to attend.

By reason of higher wages and greater raw material costs, 1937 toy prices will be from 10 to 12 per cent. higher than those of last year. Nevertheless, large chain-store and mail-order organizations are counting confidently upon a 15 per cent. increase in business and have been placing orders accordingly. Many of the 400 exhibiting manufacturers at the Fair were refusing to guarantee their present quotations beyond July 1.

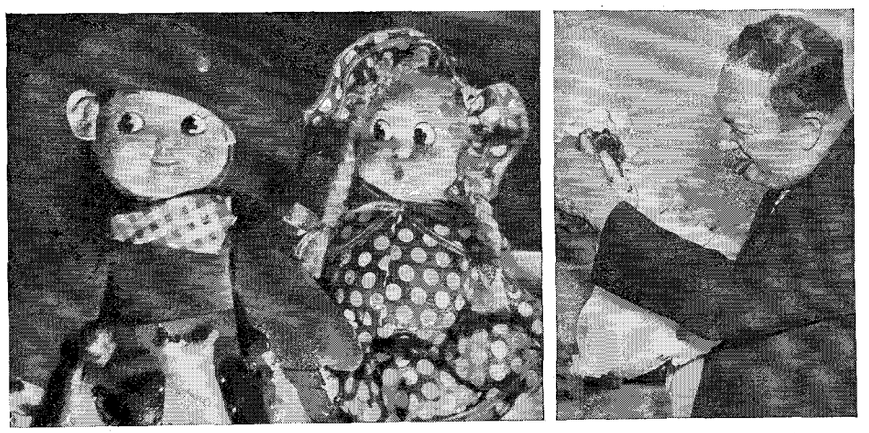
Conspicuously featuring the Toy Fair was the modern, up-to-the-minute note expressed generally by the new models. Next Christmas, American youngsters will have in their hands examples of the latest



Photos by Walter Engel for Literary Digest

Next season's toys on view: budding mechanics will find miniature air-plane gasoline engines that whir like big ones . . . grooved blocks to build models that won't fall apart

Manufacturers have designed miniature reed-organs with as many as four octaves responding to the touch of the musically-inclined youngsters



All kinds of dolls gaze in expectancy . . . awaiting the scrutiny of cigar-smoking buyers

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developments in transportation, construction, scientific experiment. Toy automobile-production has been doubled by this year's trailer craze.

Stream-lining will feature miniature railroad-trains, air-planes, even bicyles. Games and books will reflect the varying popularity of newspaper comic-strip characters. Aiming to reflect Americans' supposed devotion to peace, fewer than one per cent. of new toys will suggest the military forms that are the favorite playthings of European children.

Moreover, the New Deal will be flattered. Said James L. Fri, Managing Director of the toy manufacturers who sponsored the Fair, "Every aspect of the more abundant American life has been reproduced in realistic miniature, at low prices."

JARRING LOOSE: Ball of Mason Jar Fame Gives Fortune for Foundation

Probably the most amazed man in Muncie, Indiana, on November 24, 1936, was the town's aged leading citizen, George A. Ball. On that day, he awoke to find himself master of a $3,000,000,000 network of railroads, terminals, warehouses, bus lines, real estate, and the Lord knows what—which Oris P. and Mantis J. Van Sweringen had lashed together.

Mr. Ball found himself master of a railroad empire because he had helped the late Van Sweringen brothers to salvage key holding-company shares from a bankers' auction-block. And for the control of the $3,000,000,000 empire, the Muncie Mason jar manufacturer had paid a modest $274,000. This was in 1935. Ball handed the control back to the Van Sweringen brothers for a nominally priced option, took a back seat. Last fall, the remaining of the two Van Sweringen brothers died. Within a fortnight, Senator Wheeler's Railroad Investigating Committee had revealed the facts.

Fortune Given Away—Last week, the Midwest jar manufacturer who had bought the Van Sweringen empire for a song gave it away for even less by deeding his shares in Midamerica Corporation (top holding company of the Van Sweringen pyramid) to a religious and charitable foundation bearing his name and that of his wife, Frances.

Shrewd observers, particularly those interested in railroad investments, expected even a more spectacular development: the charitable foundation's prompt sale of the controlling shares to an Eastern syndicate. Such a sale would thus transfer control of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, the Nickel Plate Railroad, and other rail properties to a new group of railroad magnates.

What the layman wanted to know last week as he read of Mr. Ball's gift to charity was: What was the jar manufacturer actually giving away? Was he turning over shares that would provide a comfortable yearly income for charity?

The answer is, no.

The Midamerica stock pays no dividends because the holding company immediately below it in the pyramid—the Alleghany Corporation—is $21,000,000 behind on its preferred stock payments. It seemed likely that the George and Frances Ball Foundation, in selling the shares, might realize as much as $10,000,000.

EYES ON SUGAR: Both in U. S. and World, Trend Is to Fresh Control Moves

The American housewife pays 5¼ cents a pound for sugar and gives the matter no second thought. The price is reasonable, and it is a long time since sugar was troublesome, as it was, say, during War days, when it cost twenty-eight cents.

But producers and law-makers both here and abroad were giving sugar a lot of thought last week. In Washington, Congress was getting ready to vote on an Administration measure which virtually would set up a little AAA for sugar. In London, representatives of twenty-three nations put their heads together to set up a virtual international AAA for sugar. Leading sugar-consuming nations had sent such world figures as Britain's former Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald; Belgium's Premier, Paul Van Zeeland, and America's Ambassador-at-Large, Norman H. Davis.

And this conference, to some optimistic observers, was more than a conference on sugar. It might, if things went well, pave the way for an economic conference at which the nations of the West might agree to end the mad economic warfare they have pursued since 1918.

Sweet Tooth—It took 30,000,000 tons of sugar last year to satisfy the world's sweet tooth. Cuba, Java, India and lesser centers produced most of it, and gleaned an estimated $1,500,000,000. Altho America is the world's No. 1 consumer of sugar—6,700,000 tons—world sugar-production generally concerns the United States relatively little.

It concerns *Uncle Sam* relatively little because he gets his sugar from six-protected and controlled sources: Cuba, 30 per cent; Hawaii and Puerto Rico, 30 per cent; the Philippines, 10 per cent; Louisiana, Florida and the Midwest beet-sugar fields, 30 per cent.

Sugar from all these sources is rigidly limited by quotas. Cuba, which must pay a tariff, gets a helping hand from the United States in the form of a preferential duty. Against the full duty of $1.87½ a hundred pounds which other nations have to pay, Cuba pays only ninety cents a hundred pounds. In turn, Cuba keeps a tight rein on the sugar bound for the United States, helps *Uncle Sam* keep the tonnage to about 1,900,000 annually, or about two-thirds of the Island's 3,000,000-ton crop.

Cooperation—Since the American market is practically barred to the rest of the world by its quota and duty wall, the only cooperation America could show at a world sugar-conference would be to promise to keep on taking Cuba's sugar and thus prevent it from being dumped on the international market. Foreigners, however, might cooperate by adopting a gentleman's agreement similar to the agreements governing international production of rubber and tin, which would restrict the world's "sugar-bowls" to stated production quotas.

Of more interest to the American sugar trade was the legislation pending in Washington. There the Administration proposed new quotas for the various suppliers of American sugar. But in addition, the Administration planned to impose an excise tax of three-quarters of a cent a pound on raw sugar to be collected at the refinery. These collections would finance benefit payments to producers who curtailed output.

Cost—Raw sugar in Cuba is about 2.9 cents a pound. Add the .9 of a cent duty to it, and it costs 3.8 cents on arrival at the refinery. The refiner adds an estimated penny (in costs and profits) and hands it to the distributer at 4.8 cents. Wholesale and retail distributers tack on another half penny. If the refiner has to pay a three-quarter cent excise tax, it is quite likely that the impost will be passed on to the consumer and sugar might go to 6 cents a pound.

This tax was not all that worried refiners. They have leveled their heaviest lobbying guns on measures that deal leniently with the importation of refined sugar. Refiners argue that cheap labor in Cuban and Hawaiian refineries menaces American labor in domestic refineries. To observers, it appeared likely that domestic sugar-processors would win their point and push tariffs on refined sugar a notch higher.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Lewis Gilbert is twenty-nine, dark and intense, and hails from Park Avenue—the less swanky, up-town district of New York. Since 1932, he has done nothing but attend stockholders' meetings. To-day, he is America's No. 1 minority stockholder, carries the burden of some fifty corporations around in his black-thatched head, likes to pop up at stockholders' meetings armed with newspaper clippings and embarrassing (to the management) questions. Last week, in a broadcasting studio in the seventy-story RCA building, Lewis turned a Radio Corporation of America meeting into a question-and-answer program, heckled President David Sarnoff so vigorously that other stockholders took heart and revolted against the management's slate of directors. The upshot was that Gilbert himself became a write-in candidate for director, failed of election but promised next year not to let the RCA management off so easily.

* * *

To become one of the 1,375 members of the New York Stock Exchange last week would have cost you $160,000—the price at which a membership actually was sold. In 1929, a seat brought $625,000, then making the Exchange the costliest spot in the world in which to stand up. In dark 1932, however, you could have driven a bargain, obtained a seat for $68,000.

* * *

America's record $11,500,000,000 hoard of gold last week continued a throbbing headache for *Uncle Sam*. The $35 an ounce which the Treasury pays is a magnet that draws the yellow metal to America at the rate of $1,000,000,000 a year. We don't need it, must borrow (and further dislocate our budget) to set the gold aside in an inactive "sterilized" fund which prevents it from increasing banks' lending power.

Last week, rumors that the Treasury might lower its net price for gold caused New York banks to discourage imports. Tongue in cheek, Treasury Secretary Morgenthau refused to affirm or deny the rumors of a gold price-change, gave rise to the speculation that the Treasury was consciously fostering uncertainty to cool off the "hot money" flood to these shores.

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Ever Thus—A gentleman had completed his purchases and the clerk, in filling out the sales slip, asked: "What is the name, please?"

"Jepson," replied our hero.

"Chipson?"

"No. Jepson. Sixteen twenty-one West —."

"Your first initial, please."

"Oh, K."

"O.K. Jepson."

"Excuse me, it isn't O.K. You didn't understand; I said 'Oh'."

"O. Jepson."

"No. Rub out the O. and let the K. stand."

The clerk began to look haggard.

"Will you please give me your initials again?"

"I said K."

"Pardon, you said O.K."

"I said 'Oh' ——."

"Just now you said K."

"Allow me to finish. I said 'Oh' because I didn't understand what you were asking me. I didn't mean it was my initial. My name is Kirby Jepson."

"No! Not O. but K. Here, give me the pencil and I'll write it myself. There, I guess it's O.K. now."—*Annapolis Log.*

Doubting Thomas—The one-ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the player for quite some time, then said:

"There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallerin' it."—*Bronx (N.Y.) Home News.*

Service—SEAMAN (in restaurant): "I can't eat this soup."

WAITER: "Sorry, I'll call the head waiter."

SEAMAN: "This soup, I can't eat it."

HEAD WAITER: "I'll take care of it at once. Call the cook."

SEAMAN: "Cook, I can't eat this soup."

COOK: "What's the matter with it?"

SEAMAN: "Nothing, only I ain't got a spoon."—*Annapolis Log.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Abt—authority, diseases of children—Americanized to *a* of *cat.*

Allee—zoologist—prefers *al-lee'.*

Aymar—author—*ay* as in *say: ay'-mar.*

Beranger—screen writer (Mrs. W. C. de Mille)—*ber* as in *berry: ber'-an-jer.*

Bonte—illustrator—as if spelled *bon'ty.*

Brigance—speech authority—*ance* of *dance: bri-gance'.*

Brudno—author—*u* of *bud: brud'no.*

Bundesen—president, Chicago Board of Health—stress on *bun: bun'-de-sun.*

Gottschalk—composer—he says *gotts'chalk*, not *got'shalk.*

Late—MacGregor and MacPherson decided to become teetotalers, but MacGregor thought it would be best if they had one bottle of whisky to put in the cupboard in case of illness.

After three days MacPherson could bear it no longer and said: "MacGregor, ah'm not verra weel."

"Too late, MacPherson, ah was verra sick m'sel' all day yesterday."—*The Earth Mover (Aurora, Ill.).*

Diplomatic—A small boy was asked to dine at the home of a distinguished professor. His mother questioned him on his return, "You are sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite?"

"Why, no, nothing to speak of."

"Then something did happen."

"Well, while I was trying to cut the meat it slipped off to the floor. But I made it all right," said the boy.

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I just said carelessly, 'that's always the way with tough meat.'"—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Fly to quiz Mattson suspect.—*Los Angeles paper.*

In the ointment again.

Distributers Hurl Eggs at Pool Room.—*Long Beach (Calif.) paper.*

The speckled brown in the corner pocket, Joe.

Left on running board of a car Saturday afternoon by depot, on Anthony street, pair of shoes and nose. Reward.—*Watertown (N. Y.) paper.*

He's probably pretty unhappy without his shoes.

In the United States there are 444 licensed women senators.—*Beaumont (Tex.) paper.*

And millions more unlicensed.

Two ladies wanted for transplanting, must be experienced. Thallas Greenhouse.—*Sioux City (Ia.) paper.*

Here's your chance, girls.

LOST OR STOLEN—Chocolate-covered female puppy. White front feet and screw-tail. Reward.—*Tucson (Ariz.) paper.*

She ain't lost: She's et.

MEN WANTED for Refrigeration and Air Conditioning.—*Denver paper.*

A chance to earn some cool cash.

The legislative committee investigating the city-county government resumed it shearings to-day.—*Philadelphia paper.*

Rise, sheep, and cease to pay taxes.

Bathing in the Easter dew, these people believe, will make them beautiful and guard them against all ham for the rest of the year.—*Wilmington (N. C.) paper.*

'Ware of swine.

He has persecuted Jews and Gentiles. He has insulated all who are not Nordics.—*San Francisco paper.*

At least we can no longer shock them.

Sterzini, who had sung in the chorus for twenty-eight years, was required by his rôle to hold another singer two inches long on Sterzini's hand.—*Santa Ana (Calif.) paper.*

Paging Singer's midgets!

BETWEEN THE LINES

In Spanish, *mañana*, to an American, connotes "put-it-off-till-to-morrow" land. To Cubans, these days, it signifies another idea: A new meaning for to-morrow, something Utopian.

There is hot news from the Tropics, but it doesn't come through the cables. It has to be dug out and ferried across to the mainland.

To tourists, Cuba conjures up visions of brilliant skies, warmly languorous days, Daiquiris sipped at Sloppy Joe's and dancing under the stars at Sans Souci to exhilarating rhumba rhythms by the Peanut Vendor and Mama Inez. To alert editors, Cuba, with its tangled ledger of political upheavals and intriguing *juntas*, means NEWS.

There are cicatrices after seven years of strife which have harried the nation from the time of Machado's rule by the hatchet to Batista's Army-gauntleted fist. *Mañana* still is an exciting question-mark.

What's the secret of Batista's domination? Is he savior or dictator to his countrymen? Is his civic-military school-system the nucleus of a fascist youth phalanx, or merely a badly needed program for rural education? Can the University of Havana, long a radical center, resume its educational functions? What does Camp Columbia, Batista's fortress, look like? How does Cuba's unique cooperative medicine system work?

THE LITERARY DIGEST wanted those and a hundred other questions answered. This time, the "Message to Garcia" procedure was reversed. A DIGEST reporter went to Cuba to get the facts.

More than fifteen *quintas* (clinics) were visited. Doctors, some friendly, some hostile to the health-insurance plan, were interviewed . . . Camp Columbia was inspected . . . keen eyes watched Cuba's *guajiros* toiling in sugar-cane and tobacco fields . . . *centrales* (sugar plantations), schools, even packing-box settlements and Chinatown were visited . . . several sessions of Congress were attended.

What's more important, a spicy and significant account of *bolas* (political gossip) was overheard, giving insight into an almost unpredictable *mañana*. There are undercurrents beneath the contagious languor of the climate and care-free life of Cuba. (See page 11.)

There are undercurrents, too, in another warm climate, where life is care-free between spates of film-making —- Hollywood, where many a good story can be picked up by the astute reporter who knows his way around. With the seasonal dimming of Broadway's lights, THE DIGEST'S Stage and Screen Editor is off for Hollywood.

He'll renew personal contacts with bigwig producers, keen directors, glamourous and veteran stars whose names make pictures. He'll sit in darkened projection-rooms while new flickers reel off, twice as long as they'll be when they slither through their first run in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York.

There's nothing like getting at the source to get the news.

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